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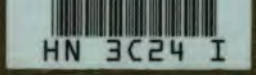

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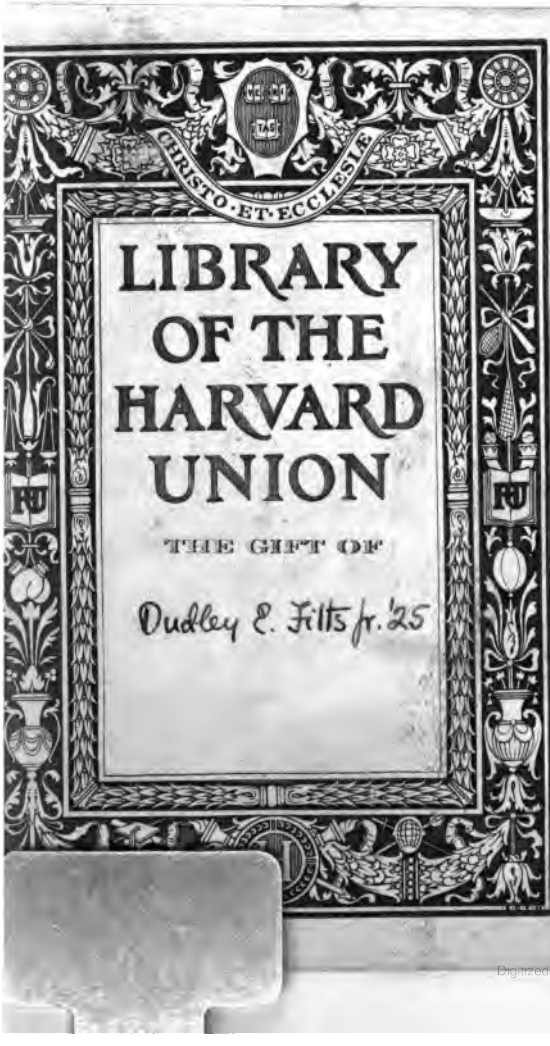

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The Wayside Series

FLOWERS FROM PERSIAN GARDENS

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FLOWERS FROM PERSIAN GARDENS: SELECTIONS FROM THE POEMS OF SAADI, HAFIZ, OMAR KHAYYÁM, AND OTHERS. BY EDWARD S. HOLDEN

Only the bird of the morning knoweth the worth of the book of the rose; for not every one who readeth the page understandeth the meaning. — HAFIZ

NEW YORK · R. H. RUSSELL
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INTRODUCTION

THE selections that follow have been chosen mostly from well-known books. The sole criterion for each choice has been that the words of the translation should happily set forth the poet's meaning. Oriental words and names are here printed as they are found in the sources from which they are taken. To do otherwise would be pure pedantry in a book which is not addressed to scholars, but to general readers. A few specimens of translation into Greek, Latin, German, and French have been chosen. They are instructive in many respects, and each one is, in its way, famous.

One word may be spoken on the matter of translating Oriental poetry into the languages of the West. One must seek, as Professor Charles Eliot Norton has well said, "not a translation but the re-delivery of a poetic inspiration." Orientals are human beings like unto ourselves. They have our own wants, hopes, fears, delights; and they seek their satisfactions in like fashion. Any graphic and veracious recital of human feeling interests and excites. While the form of the poetry of the Persians is as alien to us as that of the Tartars, the feelings struggling for expression are not foreign. We are of Aryan blood as they are,

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and thousands of years of different race-experience have not shut the door between us. During all those centuries the culture of the East has, in one way or another, touched the West. Their Art, their Architecture, their Chivalry, — transformed, it is true, — have influenced our own most intimately.

Alexander the Great destroyed at Persepolis buildings more magnificent than any others ever seen on the round world, not excepting the monuments of Athens.

The looms of Persia made imperial Constantinople splendid. Chemistry is a Persian word, and the Arabs borrowed their knowledge of the art from Iran. All the drugs of Hippocrates and of the ancient Greeks have Persian names. The Persians transmitted the immortal fables and apologues of India to the Arabs, and through them to the West. The works of a Persian sage — Avicenna — were text-books in the University of Paris so late as the time of Louis the Fourteenth. When Benjamin Franklin was seeking for a new chapter of our Bible, he found it in Saadi's parable of Abraham and the Fire-worshipper. Our little children are bred up on the tales of the Arabian Nights, a great part of which are of Persian origin.

In a thousand unacknowledged ways the West has been taught by the East. When England was a wilderness, inhabited by savages, Persia was polite, cultivated, ingenious, learned and illustrious. Whether we know it or not,

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we have learned much from them, and our thoughts still respond to theirs.

It is only the form of their thoughts, and especially of their poetic thoughts, that is alien. It is worth while to dwell a little on this point. One of the odes of Hafiz begins, in the Persian, as follows (the Persian is written in italics and necessary words are supplied in parentheses):

(The) *entrance* (of my) *face* (that is) *my eye* (is) *thy nest:*

(With) *courtesy increasing, sit down* (in this) *house* (it is) *thy house.*

The meaning of Hafiz must, here as elsewhere, be reached by a series of approximations. At each step we must come nearer to occidental forms, always preserving the Oriental feeling — if we can. Hafiz would certainly have accepted the following couplet as his own:

The vestibule of my face (my eye) *is a nest for you:*
Be gracious, oh, sit down; my house is your house.

The learned editor of Hafiz — Rosenzweig — has versified this in German:

Meines Auges Halle will Ich
Dir zum Neste weih'n
Sass' in ihr dich gnädig nieder,
Denn das Haus ist dein!

This ode has also been made part of an English sonnet:

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At Shiraz, in the centuries gone by,
How artlessly this simple, serious ode
From Hafiz' lips in honeyed couplets flowed:
"My love," he said, "the globe of Hafiz' eye
"Thy mansion is — then enter graciously,
"Be welcome — rest — remain; for this abode
"Is by its owner on his guest bestowed
"With honor, and in hospitality."

How true the poet's crystal cadence rings,
And with what grave sincerity he sings
His song of passion and of courtesy.
At the small opening of the lover's eye
The loved one knocks — then enters — thence departs
Only to dwell within his heart of hearts.

— E. S. H.

Each one of these translations is a progress away from the form of Hafiz' couplet; each one of them is a step toward his meaning. The problem of translation is to change the form without losing the flavor. If the translator preserves the form, as in the lines "the vestibule of my face is a nest for you," the oddity of the image obscures its beauty to the general reader who may not know that the eye is often so called in Oriental verse, and that the Persian word for house also means the hollow of the eye. If one translates as literally as Rosenzweig, one comes to bald expressions like these: "Sit down graciously in the hall of my eye; it is dedicated as a nest for you; the house is yours." This very baldness may be, at times, a merit; especially when it is expressed in exotic

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and essentially beautiful forms. We consent to listen to moral precepts in Saadi's "sweet words" and his mere truisms fill us with a delighted surprise and become vivid with new meanings. He wins our gratitude by reinstating us in a forgotten inheritance. A familiar example of a like benefit is the comprehension of a too-familiar phrase of the English Bible when it is re-read in the idiom of Greece or Rome, or in the homely words of Luther. The Persian poems exhibit the intrinsic beauty of common things and of daily life which we have concealed by overlays of our rugged speech.

The lesson to be learned is that if one is content to reproduce in English the poetic inspiration of the Persian and is not concerned to reproduce its verbal forms, he may employ verse as a vehicle. This was the method of Fitzgerald in his translations of Omar Khayyam, and of Bicknell and others in their translations from Hafiz. If, on the other hand, one's aim is to give the thoughts and images of the poet as he himself conceived them, the translator must abandon verse and express himself in prose — in a balanced and poetic prose if possible, but still in prose. "The business of a messenger is simply to deliver his message."

The translations of Hafiz by Mr. Walter Leaf, some of which are given in this volume, are very successful attempts to reproduce the original ghazels as to their scheme of rhyming and as to their meters. A comparison of these with

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the prose translations of Hafiz by Professor Cowell, or Mr. Heron-Allen's Omar Khayyam with Fitzgerald's will, it is believed, bear out the conclusions just announced.

For the benefit of those who wish to carry their reading further, a list of some translations of the Persian poets is given below. Most of these books have been reviewed in making the selections; from many of them something has been taken; and in a few instances the same Persian original is here presented in more than one form. The scholarship of the volumes cited has made it possible to bring together in one place a small part of the treasures of Beauty, Wit, and Wisdom that the occidental world owes to the Orient. E. S. H.

A LIST OF SOME TRANSLATIONS OF THE PERSIAN POETS, AND OF A FEW ESSAYS ON PERSIAN POETRY.

[Alger (W. R.)]: The poetry of the East. Boston, 1856.

[Arnold (Matthew)]: Sohrab and Rustem (In his Poems).

[Blochmann (H.)] Ain-i-Akbari. 1873. [Quotations and translations from the poets of Akbar's Court —the Mogul poets of Hindustan.]

[Bodenstedt (F.)]: Die Lieder des Mirza Schaffy. Berlin, 1890.

[Burton (R. F.)]: The Kasidah of Haji-Abdu-el-Yezdi. Portland, 1898. *See* Jami; *see* Saadi.

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Chodzko (A.): Specimens of the popular poetry of Persia, 1842.

Costello (Louisa Stuart): The Rose Garden of Persia, <Illuminated headpieces, etc.> London, 1845.

[Elliot (Sir H. M.)]: <Specimens of the poetry of the Court poets of the Mogul Emperors.> *History of India*, vol. iii.

Farid-uddin Attar: Mantik-ut-tair (Bird Parliament), trans. by Edward Fitzgerald — Letters and Literary Remains, vol. ii. (1889).

Firdusi: Episodes from the Shah Nameh, translated into English verse by Stephen Weston. London, 1815.

Firdausi.: Il libro dei re; poema epico recato dal persiano . . . da Italo Pizzi. Torino, 1886-88. D. 8 v.

Firdausi: Pizzi, Italo, 1849. Antologia Firdusiana con un compendio di grammatica persiana. . . . 2a ed. con l' aggiunta delle correzioni. Lipsia, 1891. O. 19 + 492 p.

[Firdausi.] *See* Douletschah. Leben des Dichters Ferdusi aus Tus, des Sahbans Persiens. (In Avesta. Fragmente über die Religion des Zoroasters. 1831. p. 1-14.)

Firdausi: Epische Dichtungen aus dem Persischen von Schack. Berlin, 1853. D. 2 v.

Firdausi: Kuk il montanaro; poema persiano tradotto da Vittorio Rugarlio. Bologna, 1891. O. 11 + 79 + [1] p.

Firdausi: Königsbuch (Schahname) übersetzt von Friedrich Rückert, aus dem Nachlass hrsg. von E. A. Bayer. Berlin, 1890-95. D. 3 v.

Firdausi: Jussuf und Suleicha; romantisches Heldengedicht . . . aus dem Persischen zum ersten Male übertragen von Ottokar Schlechta-Wssehrd. Wien, 1889. O. 13 + 267 p.

Firdausi: Heldensagen . . . metrisch . . . übersetzt, nebst einer Einleitung über das iranische Epos von A. F. von Schack. Berlin, 1851. O. 6 + [1] + 537 p.

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Firdausi: Soohrab, a poem . . . tr. from the . . . Persian . . . by James Atkinson . . . . Calcutta, 1814. Q. [3] + 25 + 267 p. Contains also the Persian text.

Firdausi.: Heldensagen; in deutscher Nachbildung, nebst einer Einleitung über das iranische Epos von Adolf Friedrich von Schack. 2te verm. Aufl. der "Heldensagen" und der "Epischen Dichtungen." Berlin, 1865. O. 6 + 1 + 439 p.

Firdausi: Shah Nameh (Book of Kings) translated by James Atkinson. The World's Great Classics. New York, 1899.

Firdausi: Le livre des rois, traduit et commenté par Jules Mohl, publié par Mme. Mohl. Paris, 1876-78. D. 7 v.

Firdausi: Liber regum qui inscribitur Schahname. Editionem . . . emendatam lectionibus variis et additamentis . . . auxit . . . J. A. Vullers, opus . . . ad finem perduxit Samuel Landauer. Lugduni Batavorum, 1877-84. O. 3 v. [64] + 1807 p.

Hafiz: Der Diwan . . . im persischen Original hrsg. ins Deutsche metrisch übersetzt und mit Anmerkungen versehen von Vincenz Ritter v. Rosenzweig-Schwannau. . . . Wien, 1858-64. O. 3 v.

Hafiz: Der Sänger von Schiras; Hafisische Lieder verdeutscht durch Friedrich Bodenstedt; 2e Aufl. Berlin, 1877. O. 43 + 211 p.

Hafiz: Versions from Hafiz; an essay in Persian metre by Walter Leaf. London, 1898. Sq. O. [4] + 76 p.

Hafiz: Persian Lyrics, or scattered poems from the Diwan-i-Hafiz, with paraphrases in verse and prose and a catalogue of the Gazels as arranged in a manuscript of the works of Hafiz in the Chetham library at Manchester [by John Haddon Hindley]. London, 1800. 8vo.

Hafiz: Ghazels from the Divan; done into English by J. H. McCarthy . . . London, 1893. D. 7 + 151 p.

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Hafiz: Die Lieder; persisch mit dem Commentare des Sudi, hrsg. von Hermann Brockhaus. Leipzig, 1854-60. Q. 3 v. in 1.

Hafiz: Poems from the Divan; tr. by Gertrude Lowthian Bell. London, 1897. D. 151 p.

Hafiz: Selections from his poems; tr. from the Persian by Herman Bicknell . . . London, 1875. Sq. Q. 19 + 384 p. ill. pl. Colored plates.

Hafiz: . . . Select odes . . . tr. into English verse with notes critical and explanatory, by John Nott . . . London, 1787. Sq. Q. 15 + [20] + 131 p. Text in Persian and English.

Hafiz: Specimen of Persian poetry; or, Odes of Hafez; with an English translation and paraphrase . . . from the "Specimen poeseos Persicæ" of Baron Revizky . . . and analysis by John Richardson. New ed. . . . enl. by S. Rousseau. London, 1802. Q. 20 + 86 p.

Hafiz: Divan; tr. for the first time out of the Persian into English prose with critical . . . remarks . . . a note on Sufism, and . . . a life of the author byLt.-Col. H. W. Clarke. [Calcutta] 1891. Sq. Q. 3 v.

Hafiz: Translations from Hafiz by Professor E. B. Cowell, *Fraser's Magazine*, September, 1854.

Hafiz: MS. translation (in French) from the Divan — by Mrs. Louis T. Haggin (Blanche Butterworth Haggin).

Hafiz: Persian lyrics — by J. H. Hindley — illustrated. London, 1800.

Hafiz: Divan [tr. by E. H. Palmer]. London, 1866.

Jami: . . . Les haleines de la familiarité, provenant des personnages éminens en sainteté par Abd-Abraham Djami . . . par M. le baron Silvestre de Sacy.

(In Paris — Bibliothèque nationale. Notices et extraits des MSS. 1831. v. 12, pt. 1, p. 287-436.) Text in Persian.

Jami: Beharistan (abode of spring), a literal translation from the Persian. Benares, 1887. D. 6 + 183 p. (Kama Shastra Society [R. F.Burton] Publications).

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Jami: Book of Joseph and Zuleikha, historical romantic Persian poem, tr. into English verse by Alexander Rogers. London, 1892. O. 9 + [1] + 252 p.

Jami: . . . Joseph und Suleicha; historisch-romantisches Gedicht aus dem Persischen übersetzt . . . von V. E. von Rosenzweig. Wien, 1824. Fs. 5 + [10] + 227 p. Text in German and Persian.

Jami: Der Frühlingsgarten, aus dem Persischen übertragen von O. M. Freiherrn von Schlechta-Wssehrd. Wien, 1846. O. 16 + 152 + 114 p. Text in German and Persian.

For biography of Jami: See Fitzgerald, Edward. Works. 1887. v. 1, p. 97–107.

Jami: Salaman and Absal. (In Fitzgerald, Edward. Works. 1887. v. 1, p. 109–162.)

Jami: Salaman and Absal, an allegory, tr. from the Persian . . . with a bird's-eye view of Farid-Uddin Attar's Bird Parliament, by Edward Fitzgerald, ed. by N. H. Dole. Trinity ed. Boston, 1899. D. [5] + 187 p.

Jami: Medschnun und Leila, morgenländischer Liebesroman; in deutscher Nachbildung von Adolf Friedrich, Graf von Schack. Stuttgart, 1890. D. 17 + 206 p. (Schack A. F., Graf von, comp. Orient und Occident. v. 1.)

For criticism of Jami: See Jusuf Zulaikha. Burkhard, K. F. Mahmud Gami's Jusuf Zulaikha, romantisches Gedicht in Kashmiri-Sprache. Nach zwei Handschriften bearbeitet. Deutsch. morgenländ. Gesellsch. Ztsch. v. 40, p. 422–469; v. 53, p. 551–592.)

Nizami: Tales and fables. Translated by Sir W. Jones, Works, vol. iv, 1807.

Omar Khayyam: Rubaiyat . . . rendered into English verse by Edward Fitzgerald. First edition, London, 1859.

Omar Khayyam: Edward Fitzgerald's Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam . . . literally translated by Edward Heron-Allen. London, 1899.

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Omar Khayyam: [for a complete bibliography, together with English, French, and German translations, *see* N. H. Dole: Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam, etc. Boston, 2 vols., 1896.]

[Robinson (S.)]: Flowers culled from Persian Gardens (published anonymously). Manchester, 1870.

[Robinson (S.)]: Persian Poetry for English Readers (privately printed). 1883.

Rumi, Jelal ad-Din: The Mesnevi (usually known as the Mesnevuji Sherif, or Holy Mesnevi) . . . with some account of the life . . . of the author . . . tr. and the poetry versified by J. W. Redhouse. London, 1881. O. 15 + [141] + 290 p. (Trübner's Oriental Series.)

Sa'di: Aphorismen und Sinngedichte; zum ersten Male hrsg. und übersetzt, mit Beiträgen zur Biographie Sa'dis von Wilhelm Bacher . . . Strassburg, 1879. D. 74 + 200 p.

Sa'di: Aus Saadis Diwan, von Friedrich Rückert . . . hrsg. von E. A. Bayer. Berlin, 1893. S. 14 + [1] + 172 p.

Sa'di: Le Boustan, ou Verger; poème persan, tr. . . . avec une introduction et des notes par A. C. Barbier de Meynard . . . Paris, 1880. D. 34 + [2] + 387 p.

Sa'di: Bostan, aus dem Persischen übersetzt von Friedrich Rückert. Leipzig, 1882. D. 8 + [1] + 285 p.

Sa'di: Gulistan; or Flower-garden; tr. with an essay by James Ross . . . London, no date. D. 8 + 311 p. (Scott library. v. 54.)

Sa'di: Gulistan; or Flower-garden; tr. with an essay by J. Ross and a note upon the translator by C. Sayle. London, no date. D. 8 + 311 p. (Rhys, Ernest, ed. Camelot series.)

Sa'di: Gulistan; or Rose-garden; tr. from the original by Francis Gladwin, with an essay on Saadi's life and genius by Ja. Ross and a pref. by R. W. Emerson. Boston, 1865. D. 379 p.

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Sa'di: Gulistan; or Rose-garden; tr. from a revised text, with . . . notes and a life of the poet, by J. T. Platts. 2d ed. London, [1873]. O. 28 + 29 + 356 p.

Sa'di: Gulistan; or Rose-garden; tr. . . . . into prose and verse, with an introductory preface, and a life of the author, from the Atish Kadah; by E. B. Eastwick. 2d ed. Boston, 1880. O. 24 + [1] + 243 p.

Sa'di: Gulistan; or Rose-garden . . . tr. into English . . . [by R. F. Burton] Benares, 1888. D. 8 + 282 p.

Sa'di: Gulistan; ou Le jardin des roses, traduit du Persan [by Jacques Gaudin]. (In Persian tales. 1843. p. 553–621.)

Sa'di: Selections from the Bostan, tr. into English verse by D. M. Strong. London, 1873. S. 7 + 56 p.

Sa'di. Arnold, Sir Edwin. 1832– With Sa'di in the garden, 1888.

Sa'di: Gulistan, trad. par C. Defrémery, Paris, 1858.

[Sa'di]: See R. W. Emerson in *Atlantic Monthly*, vol. 14 (1864).

For biography of Sa'di, *see* Platts, J. T. Life of Sa'di. (In Sa'di. Gulistan; or Rose-garden. 1873. pref. p. 7–26.)

[Scott (Jonathan)]: Oriental Collections (miscellaneous translations). London, 1798.

[Tholuck (F. A. G.)]: <Anthology from the Oriental Mystics.>

Waite (D. G.): Specimens of Persian poetry. Classical journal. vol. 6 (1812), vol. 2.

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SELECTIONS FROM THE POEMS OF FIRDUSI

(A.D. 940 — 1020)

Praise be to the soul of FIRDUSI, *that blessed and happily endowed nature!*
He was not our Teacher and we his Disciples; he was our Lord and we his Slaves! — (Unsari)

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FROM THE SHAH-NAMAH

(Book of Kings)

هو الله

IN THE NAME OF ALLAH, THE COMPASSIONATING, THE CLEMENT.

ZAUL AND RUDABAH

(Translated by Robinson)

To understand the connection of the passages extracted and some of the allusions, it may be well to premise that Zaul is the son of Saum Nariman, one of the generals of Manucheher, King of Persia. Having the misfortune to be born with white hair, he incurs the displeasure of his father, who orders him to be exposed on the savage mountain of Elburz, where he is nurtured by the Simurgh, an immense fabulous vulture which figures in the legends of Persia. After a time the affection of the parent is revived towards his child. He is recovered from the care of the Simurgh, and, arrived at manhood, is sent to

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govern the frontier province of Zabul. The adjoining province of Kabul, though tributary to the Persian Empire, is governed by its own king, named Mihrab. The episode commences with a visit which Mihrab pays to Zaul. Zaul receives him with distinguished honor, entertains him at a sumptuous banquet; and they separate with mutual respect.

THEN a chief of the great ones around him
Said: — "O thou, the Hero of the world,
This Mihrab has a daughter behind the veil,
Whose face is more resplendent than the sun;
From head to foot pure as ivory;
With a cheek like the spring, and in stature like the teak-tree.
Upon her silver shoulders descend two musky tresses,
Which, like nooses, fetter the captive;
Her lip is like the pomegranate, and her cheek like its flower;
Her eyes resemble the narcissus in the garden;
Her eyelashes have borrowed the blackness of the raven;
Her eyebrows are arched like a fringed bow.
Would you behold the mild radiance of the moon, look upon her countenance!
Would you inhale delightful odors, she is all fragrance!
She is altogether a paradise of sweets,
Decked with all grace, all music, all you can desire!

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She would be fitting for thee, O warrior of the world;
She is as the heavens above for such as we are."

On hearing this description Zaul becomes enamored of the fair unseen.

When Zaul heard this description,
His love leaped to the lovely maiden:
His heart boiled over with the heat of passion,
So that understanding and rest departed from him.
Night came, but he sat groaning, and buried in thought;
And a prey to sorrow for the not-yet-seen.

Mihrab pays a second visit to Zaul, and as he is returning, his wife Sindocht and his daughter Rudabah espy him from a balcony, and stop him to make inquiries about the Hero. Mihrab says:

"O beautiful silver-bosomed Cypress,
In the wide world not one of the Heroes
Will come up to the measure of Zaul!
In the pictured palace men will never behold the image
Of a warrior so strong, or so firm in the saddle.

He has the heart of a lion, and the power of an elephant,
And the strength of his arm is as the rush of the Nile.
When he sits on the throne he scatters gold before him;

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In the battle, the heads of his enemies.
His cheek is ruddy as the flower of the arghavan,
Young in years, all alive, and the favorite of fortune;
And though his hair is white as if from age,
Yet in his bravery he could tear to pieces the water-serpent.
He rages in the conflict with the fury of the crocodile,
He fights in the saddle like a sharp-fanged dragon.
In his wrath he stains the earth with blood,
As he wields his bright scimeter around him.
And though his hair is as white as is a fawn's,
In vain would the fault-finder seek another defect!
Nay, the whiteness of his hair even becomes him;
You would say that he is born to beguile all hearts!"

When Rudabah heard this description,
Her heart was set on fire, and her cheek crimsoned like the pomegranate.
Her whole soul was filled with the love of Zaul,
And food, and peace, and quietude were driven far from her.

After a time Rudabah resolves to reveal her passion to her attendants.

Then she said to her prudent slaves:

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"I will discover what I have hitherto concealed;
You are each of you the depositaries of my secrets,
My attendants, and the partners of my griefs.
I am agitated with love like the raging ocean,
Whose billows are heaved to the sky.
My once bright heart is filled with the love of Zaul;
My sleep is broken with thoughts of him;
My soul is perpetually filled with my passion;
Night and day my thoughts dwell upon his countenance.

Not one except yourselves knows my secret;
You, my affectionate and faithful servants,
What remedy now can ye devise for my case?
What will ye do for me? What promise will ye give me?
Some remedy ye must devise,
To free my heart and soul from this unhappiness."

Astonishment seized the slaves,
That dishonor should come nigh the daughter of kings;
In the anxiety of their hearts they started from their seats,
And all gave answer with one voice:
"O crown of the ladies of the earth!
Maiden pre-eminent amongst the pre-eminent!
Whose praise is spread abroad from Hindustan to China,

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The resplendent ring in the circle of the Harem;
Whose stature surpasses every cypress in the garden;
Whose cheek rivals the lustre of the Pleiades;
Whose picture is sent by the ruler of Kanuj
Even to the distant monarchs of the West —
Have you ceased to be modest in your own eyes?
Have you lost all reverence for your father,
That whom his own parent cast from his bosom,
Him you will receive into yours?
A man who was nurtured by a bird in the mountains!
A man who was a byword amongst the people!
You — with your roseate countenance and musky tresses —
Seek a man whose hair is already white with age!
You — who have filled the world with admiration,
Whose portrait hangs in every palace,
And whose beauty, and ringlets, and stature are such
That you might draw down a husband from the skies!"

To this remonstrance she makes the following indignant answer:

When Rudabah heard their reply,
Her heart blazed up like fire before the wind.

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She raised her voice in anger against them,
Her face flushed, but she cast down her eyes.
After a time, grief and anger mingled in her countenance,
And knitting her brows with passion, she exclaimed:
"O unadvised and worthless counsellors,
It was not becoming in me to ask your advice!
Were my eye dazzled by a star,
How could it rejoice to gaze even upon the moon?
He who is formed of worthless clay will not regard the rose,
Although the rose is in nature more estimable than clay!
I wish not for Cæsar, nor Emperor of China,
Nor for any one of the tiara-crowned Monarchs of Iran;
The son of Saum, Zaul, alone is my equal,
With his lion-like limbs, and arms, and shoulders.
You may call him as you please, an old man, or a young;
To me he is in the room of heart and of soul.
Except him never shall any one have a place in my heart;
Mention not to me any one except him.
Him hath my love chosen unseen,
Yea, hath chosen him only from description.
For him is my affection, not for face or hair;
And I have sought his love in the way of honor."

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Her vehemence overcomes the reluctance of the slaves, and one of them promises, if possible, to contrive an interview.

"May hundreds of thousands such as we are be
a sacrifice for thee;
May the wisdom of the creation be thy worthy
portion;
May thy dark narcissus-eye be ever full of
modesty;
May thy cheek be ever tinged with bashfulness!
If it be necessary to learn the art of the magician,
To sew up the eyes with the bands of enchant-
ment,
We will fly till we surpass the enchanter's bird;
We will run like a deer in search of a remedy.
Perchance we may draw the king nigh unto his
moon,
And place him securely at thy side."

The vermil lip of Rudabah was filled with
smiles;
She turned her saffron-tinged countenance
towards the slave, and said:
"If thou shalt bring this matter to a happy
issue,
Thou hast planted for thyself a stately and fruit-
ful tree,
Which every day shall bear rubies for its fruit,
And shall pour that fruit into thy lap."

The story proceeds to say how the slaves fulfil their promise. They go forth, and find Zaul

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practising with the bow. Busying themselves in gathering roses, they attract his attention. He shoots an arrow in their direction, and sends his quiver-bearer to bring it back. The slaves inquire who the Hero is who draws the bow with so much strength and skill. The boy answers scornfully: "Do they not know that it is Zaul, the most renowned warrior in the world?" In reply they vaunt the attractions of Rudabah. The boy reports their account of her to Zaul, who goes to speak to them, receives from them a warm description of her charms, and presses them to procure for him an interview. This little incident is well imagined: it is Zaul who is made to ask for the meeting, and the honor of Rudabah is not compromised. The slaves return to their mistress and report upon their mission, eulogizing the goodly qualities of the Hero. Her ironical answer to their former depreciation is animated and natural.

Then the elegant cypress-formed lady said to her maidens:
"Other than this were once your words and your counsel!
Is this then the Zaul, the nursling of a bird?
This the old man, white-haired and withered?
Now his cheek is ruddy as the flower of the arghavan;
His stature is tall, his face beautiful, his presence lordly!
Ye have exalted my charms before him.

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Ye have spoken, and made me a bargain!"
She said, and her lips were full of smiles,
But her cheek crimsoned like the bloom of the pomegranate.

The interview takes place in a private pavilion of the princess; and the account of it is marked with more than one touch of truth and beauty.

When from a distance the son of the valiant Saum,
Became visible to the illustrious maiden,
She opened her gem-like lips, and exclaimed:
"Welcome, thou brave and happy youth!
The blessing of the Creator of the World be upon thee;
On him who is the father of a son like thee!
May Destiny ever favor thy wishes!
May the vault of heaven be the ground thou walkest on!
The dark night is turned into day by thy countenance;
The world is soul-enlivened by the fragrance of thy presence!
Thou hast travelled hither on foot from thy palace,
Thou hast pained, to behold me, thy royal footsteps!"

When the Hero heard the voice from the battlement,
He looked up and beheld a face resplendent as the sun,

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Irradiating the terrace like a flashing jewel,
And brightening the ground like a flaming ruby.

Then he replied: "O thou who sheddest the mild radiance of the moon,
The blessing of Heaven, and mine, be upon thee!
How many nights hath cold Arcturus beholden me,
Uttering my cry to God, the Pure,
And beseeching the Lord of the Universe,
That he would vouchsafe to unveil thy countenance before me!
Now I am made joyful in hearing thy voice,
In listening to thy rich and gracious accents.
But seek, I pray thee, some way to thy presence;
For what converse can we hold, I on the ground, and thou on the terrace?"

The Peri-faced maiden heard the words of the Hero;
Quickly she unbound her auburn locks,
Coil upon coil, serpent upon serpent;
And she stooped and dropped down the tresses from the battlement,
And cried: "O Hero, child of Heroes,
Take now these tresses, they belong to thee,
And I have cherished them that they might prove an aid to my beloved."

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And Zaul gazed upward at the lovely maiden.
And stood amazed at the beauty of her hair and of her countenance;
He covered the musky ringlets with his kisses,
And his bride heard his kisses from above.
Then he exclaimed: "That would not be right —
May the bright sun never shine on such a day!
It were to lay my hand on the life of one already distracted;
It were to plunge the arrow-point into my own wounded bosom."
Then he took his noose from his boy, and made a running knot,
And threw it, and caught it on the battlement,
And held his breath, and at one bound
Sprang from the ground, and reached the summit.

As soon as the Hero stood upon the terrace,
The Peri-faced maiden ran to greet him,
And took the hand of the Hero in her own,
And they went like those who are overcome with wine.

Then he descended from the lofty gallery,
His hand in the hand of the tall Princess,
And came to the door of the gold-painted pavilion,
And entered that royal assembly,
Which blazed with light like the bowers of Paradise;

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And the slaves stood like houries before them:
And Zaul gazed in astonishment,
On her face, and her hair, and her stately form,
and on all that splendor.

And Zaul was seated in royal pomp
Opposite that mildly-radiant beauty;
And Rudabah could not rest from looking
towards him
And gazing upon him with all her eyes —
On that arm, and shoulder, and that splendid
figure,
On the brightness of that soul-enlightening
countenance;
So that the more and more she looked
The more and more was her heart inflamed.

Then he kissed and embraced her, renewing his
vows —
Can the lion help pursuing the wild ass?
And said: "O sweet and graceful silver-
bosomed maiden,
It may not be, that, both of noble lineage,
We should do aught unbecoming our birth;
For from Saum Nariman I received an admo-
nition,
To do no unworthy deed, lest evil should come
of it;
For better is the seemly than the unseemly,
That which is lawful than that which is for-
bidden.
And I fear that Manucheher, when he shall hear
of this affair,

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Will not be inclined to give it his approval;
I fear too that Saum will exclaim against it,
And will boil over with passion, and lay his hand upon me.
Yet, though body and soul are precious to all men,
Life I will resign, and clothe myself with a shroud—
And this I swear by the righteous God—
Ere I will break the faith which I have pledged thee.
I will bow myself before Him, and offer my adoration,
And supplicate Him as those who worship Him in truth,
That He will cleanse the heart of Saum, King of the earth,
From opposition, and rage, and rancor.
Perhaps the Creator of the World may listen to my prayer,
And thou mayst yet be publicly proclaimed my wife."

And Rudabah said: "And I also, in the presence of the righteous God,
Take the same pledge, and swear to thee my faith;
And He who created the world be witness to my words,
That no one but the Hero of the world,
The throned, the crowned, the far-famed Zaul will I ever permit to be sovereign over me."

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So their love every moment became greater;
Prudence was afar, and passion was predominant,
Till the grey dawn began to show itself,
And the drum to be heard from the royal pavilion.
Then Zaul bade adieu to the fair one;
His soul was darkened, and his bosom was on fire,
And the eyes of both were filled with tears;
And they lifted up their voices against the sun;
"O Glory of the Universe, why come so quick?
Could'st thou not wait one little moment?"

Then Zaul cast his noose on a pinnacle,
And descended from those happy battlements,
As the sun was rising redly above the mountains,
And the bands of warriors were gathering in their ranks.

On returning to camp Zaul assembles his counsellors, and consults them as to what he should do. They advise him to write to his father, and be guided by him. Zaul accordingly writes to Saum. In his letter he recalls to him in an affecting manner all the sufferings he had endured when he was abandoned by his parents in the mountains, conjures him to consent to his union with Rudabah, and reminds him of his promise, when reclaiming him from the Simurgh, that in all the future circumstances of his life he would endeavor to efface the remembrance of his cruelty

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by a cheerful compliance with his wishes. Saum is greatly embarrassed by this letter. On the one hand, he fears the reproaches of his son; on the other, the anger of the King. He convenes the sages, and bids them declare what will be the result of the union. After the intense study of many days they prophesy the birth of the famous Rustum.

The Astrologers came to Saum Nariman and said:

"O Warrior of the Golden Belt,
Joy will be to thee from the union of Zaul and of the daughter of Mihrab,
For they are two fortune-favored equals,
And from them shall be born a hero, in strength an elephant,
Who shall gird his loins in manliness;
Who shall bear dominion on his sword,
And shall exalt the throne of the king above the clouds.
The evil-minded he will cut off from the land,
Nor shall there remain a den on the face of the earth.
He will leave neither monster nor Demon of Mazinderan,
And will sweep the earth with his mighty mace.

From him shall come many woes on Turan,
And Iran shall enjoy all happiness.
He will lull to sleep the head of the sufferer,
And will close the door of sorrow, and the path of calamity.

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The hope of the Iranians shall be in him,
And in him the joy and confidence of the warrior.
His courser will bear the hero proudly in battle,
And he will bruise the faces of the tigers of war;
And the furious elephants and the fierce lions
Shall be annihilated beneath the club of the hero;
And the monarchs of Hindustan, and Roum, and Iran
Will engrave his name on their seals.
Fortunate will be the king in whose time
His renown will exalt the royal dignity."

On hearing this prophecy of the future greatness of his grandson, Saum is reconciled to the marriage, but writes to Zaul to withhold the celebration of it until he has been to the court of Manucheher, and obtained the sanction of the King. Zaul, transported with joy, immediately sends the letter to Rudabah. The messenger on her return is espied by Rudabah's mother, and the secret correspondence of the lovers is discovered. The interview which follows between Sindocht and her daughter is thus described:—

Then, greatly troubled, Sindocht entered the palace,
Full of pain, and anxiety, and sorrow;
She closed upon herself the door of her chamber,

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And was as one distracted by the tumult of her thoughts.
She commanded her daughter to appear before her;
And she tore her cheeks with her hand,
And she watered their roses with her tearful eyes,
Till they became inflamed like the crimson rose.
She said to Rudabah: "O precious girl,
Why hast thou placed thyself on the brink of a precipice?
What is there left worth having in the world,
Which I have not shown to thee openly and in private?
Why, my beauty, hast thou become so unjust to me?
Tell, I beseech thee, all thy secrets to thy mother!
Who is this woman, and whence does she come,
And what is the purpose for which she comes to thee?
What is the meaning of this message? And who is the man
For whom is intended this ring and this beautiful turban?"

Rudabah looked down to her feet and the ground;
She stood abashed in the presence of her mother;
The tear of affection gushed from her eyes,

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And her cheeks were crimsoned with the burning drops.
Then she said to her mother: "O full of wisdom,
Love is chasing my soul before it.
Would that my mother had never given me birth!
That neither good nor evil had ever been uttered concerning me!
The Warrior-Hero came to Kabul,
And so set my heart on fire with his love,
That the world became contracted in my sight,
And day and night I wept continually.
I wish not for life except in his presence;
One hair of his head is worth the whole world to me!
When at last he saw and conversed with me
We joined hand in hand and plighted our faith;
But, beyond seeing and conversing with one another,
The fire of passion has not inflamed us,
A messenger was sent to the mighty Saum,
And he returned an answer to the brave Zaul.
For a time the chief was distressed and reluctant,
But he spoke and heard all that was needful;
And after consulting the aged Mubid,
At last he yielded and gave his consent.
To the messenger he gave many presents,
And I also heard all the answers of Saum.
The woman whose hair thou didst rend,
Whom thou didst strike to the ground, and whose face thou didst lacerate,

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Was the messenger who was the bearer of the letter;
And this dress was my answer to the message."

Sindocht was confused at her daughter's words,
And in her heart approved of her union with Zaul.
She replied: "Here indeed there is nothing of littleness!
Amongst the illustrious there is not a hero like Zaul;
He is mighty, and the son of the warrior of the world;
Wise, and prudent, and of a noble soul.
All excellencies are his, and but one defect;
And, compared with his excellencies, those of others are mean.
But I fear that the King of the earth will be enraged with him,
And will raise the dust of Kabul to the sun,
For never will he suffer one of our seed on earth
To place his foot in the stirrup."

To the interview between the mother and daughter succeeds one between the wife and the husband.

King Mihrab came joyful from the royal reception hall,
For Zaul had bestowed on him much attention.
He beheld lying down the illustrious Sindocht,
Her face pale, and her heart troubled:

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And he said to her: "What ailest thou?
And wherefore are the roses of thy cheeks faded?"

And Sindocht answered and said:
"My heart is disturbed with many cares;
This collection of treasures and property,
These Arabian horses trained and caparisoned,
This palace and its surrounding gardens,
This abundance of heart-attached friends,
This band of servants devoted to their master,
This diadem and this imperial throne,
Our commanding presence and lofty dignity,
And all our reputation for wisdom and knowledge,
The fair face of our tall and elegant Cypress (*her daughter*),
All our splendor and all our royalty,
By little and little are dwindling away;
Unwillingly we must resign them to an enemy,
And count all our care and painstaking but as wind.
One narrow chest will now suffice us,
The tree which should have been the antidote is become the poison:
We planted, cultivated, and watered it with care;
We hung a crown and jewels on its branches;
But when it had raised itself to the sun, and expanded its shade,
It fell to the ground, and my life stock with it.
Such is the limit and end of our being;
Nor know I where we can find our rest."

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And Mihrab said to Sindocht:
"Thou hast only brought up anew the old story.
This transitory inn is after this fashion;
One is neglected, and another enjoys every comfort;
One arrives and another departs;
And whom see'st thou that Fate hunts not down?
By anxiety of heart thou wilt never drive sorrow to the door;
There is no contending with the just God."

Then said Sindocht: "How can I conceal from thee
This secret, and these weighty matters?
Know then that the son of Saum
Has secretly ensnared the affections of Rudabah.
He has led her noble soul astray from the right path;
And now nothing remains for us but to find some remedy.
Much counsel have I given her, but it availeth nothing;
I see her still pale-faced and dejected,
Her heart still full of pain and sorrow,
Her parched lips ever breathing the cold sigh."

When Mihrab heard this, he leaped to his feet;
He laid his hand on the hilt of his sword,
His body trembled, and his face became livid,
His bosom filled with wrath, and his lips with deep groans.

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"This instant," he exclaimed, "the blood of Rudabah
I will pour out like a river on the ground."

When Sindocht saw this, she sprang to her feet,
She seized the belt round his body with both her hands,
And exclaimed: "Hear one word;
Give ear one moment to thine inferior;
And afterwards do as thy reason tells thee,
As thy heart and thy guiding wisdom prompts thee."

He writhed and flung her from him,
He uttered a cry like a furious elephant;
And exclaimed: "When a daughter made her appearance,
I ought to have instantly commanded her to be slain!
I killed her not; I walked not in the ways of my ancestors,
And this now is the trick she has played me.
But him who departs from the way of his fathers
The brave will not account to have sprung from his loins.
If the Hero Saum shall join with King Manucheher,
And they prove their power against me in war,
The smoke will go up from Kabul to the sun;
Neither dwelling will be left, nor cornfield, nor voice of salutation."

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Sindocht replied: "O defender of the Marches,
Let not thy tongue utter such wild words,
For the warrior Saum is already informed of this affair;
Banish from thy mind this terror, and disquiet and anxiety."

Mihrab rejoined: "O my mildly-radiant beauty,
Say not a word that is spoken deceitfully;
My bosom would be free from trouble,
If I saw thee secure from injury.
Than Zaul a son-in-law more estimable
There could not be either amongst the princes or the people:
Who might not desire the alliance of Saum,
From Ahwaz even to Kandahar?"

Sindocht answered: "O exalted chief,
What occasion for deceitful words?
Thy injury is plainly my injury,
And thy troubled soul is bound up in mine;
Therefore didst thou see me so troubled also,
Sunk down in grief, and all joy gone from my heart!
But should this come about, why would it be so wonderful,
That thou should'st take so dark a view of it?
Feridun approved of the maidens of Yemen,
And this Hero who seeks to subdue the world, but follows the same path:
For from fire and water, and earth and air,
The dark face of the ground is changed to brightness."

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Mihrab gave ear to the words of Sindocht,
But his head was still full of vengeful thoughts,
And his heart still boiled over with passion.
Then he gave his commands to Sindocht,
"Rouse up and bring Rudabah before me."

But Sindocht was afraid of the lion-hearted man,
Lest he should strike Rudabah to the earth.
"First," she said, "thou shalt give me a promise
That thou wilt restore her unhurt to my arms;
And that that heavenly flower shall not be swept away from the garden,
And the land of Kabul be emptied of its roses.
Thou shalt take first a solemn oath,
That thou hast washed out vengeance from thine heart."

The warrior gave his word,
That Rudabah should suffer no harm;
"But," he said, "consider that the master of the earth,
Will be full of indignation at what has been done,
And that neither father, nor mother, nor home will be left,
And that Rudabah herself will perish in a river of blood."

When Sindocht heard this she bowed down her head,
And placed her face on the ground;

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And came to her daughter with smiles upon her lips,
And a face open as the dawn when it rises on the night.
She told her the good news, and said: "The furious tiger
Hath withdrawn its grasp from the wild ass.
The Hero Mihrab hath sworn by the righteous God
A strong oath, and hath set his name thereto,
That he will not touch in anger a braid of thine hair.
Now therefore bring forth quickly all thine ornaments,
And show thyself before thy father, and lament what hath happened."
"But why," said Rudabah, "with all my ornaments?
Why place the valuable beside the valueless?
My soul is wedded to the son of Saum,
And why conceal what is so clear?"

She appeared before her father like the rising sun,
Immersed in a blaze of gold and rubies;
A charming angel from the realms of Paradise,
Or a glorious sun in the smiling spring.
When her father beheld her he stood fixed in astonishment,
And secretly invoked the Creator of the World,
"O thou," he exclaimed, "who hast washed out reason from thy brain,

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How is this fulness of jewelry beseeming thee?
Is it befitting that a Peri unite herself with
Aherman (*the Evil Principle*)?
Rather let my crown and my ring perish!
If a serpent-charmer from the desert of Khoten
should show himself as a magician,
Would it not be right to slay him with an
arrow?"

When Rudabah heard these words her heart
burnt within her,
And her face was crimsoned with shame in the
sight of her father;
Her dark eyelids fell over her grief-swollen eyes,
She stood motionless, and drew not a breath.
Filled, heart and head, with hostility and passion,
Her father groaned in his rage like a roaring
tiger.
Rudabah returned heartbroken to the house,
Her pale-yellow cheek alternating with red;
And mother and daughter sought refuge with
God.

Meanwhile information of what has happened reaches the ear of Manucheher. He is greatly disturbed by it, and sends to summon Saum to his court. Saum obeys the summons, and is received by the King with great distinction. He is commanded to relate the history of his wars in Mazinderan; and in answer to the inquiries of the monarch about his battle with the Deeves, or demon-inhabitants of the country, he thus replies:

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"O King, live prosperously for ever!
Far be from thee the designs of the evil-minded!
I came to that city of warlike Deeves,
Deeves! — rather ferocious lions!
They are fleeter than Arabian horses,
More courageous than the warriors of Iran;
Their soldiers, whom they name Sagsar (*Dog-heads*),
You would think were tigers of war.

"When the news of my arrival reached them,
And they heard my shout, their brains were bereft of reason;
They raised a tremendous clamor in their city,
And issued forth in mass,
And collected an army so immense
That the dust thereof obscured the brightness of the day.
Then they rushed towards me, seeking the battle,
Like men insane, hurrying and in confusion.
The ground trembled, and the sky was darkened,
As they filled the hills and the valleys.

"A panic fell upon my army,
And I could not but be filled with anxiety
At the serious turn which matters had taken;
But I shouted aloud to my dispirited soldiers,
And raised my ponderous club,
And urged forward my iron-hard charger.
Then I came and clove the heads of the enemy,
So that from dread of me they lost their reason:

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At each assault I struck down a hundred bodies;
At every blow of my mace I made a Deeve rub the ground;
Like feeble deer before the strong lion
They fled affrighted at the ox-headed club.

"An aspiring grandson of the bold Salm
Came on like a wolf to meet me in the battle.
The name of the ambitious chieftain was Kaukavi,
Beautiful of countenance, and tall as a cypress;
By his mother he was of the race of Zohak.
The heads of proud warriors were as dust before him;
His army was as a host of ants or locusts;
Its multitude concealed the plain and the slopes of the mountains.
When the dust arose from the approaching squadrons,
The cheeks of our soldiers turned pale;
But I raised my death-dealing mace and urged them forward,
And led them onward to meet the enemy;
I shouted so loud from the saddle of my war-horse
That the earth seemed to whirl like a mill about them;
Courage resumed its place in the breasts of our warriors,
And with one determination they rushed to the battle.

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"When Kaukavi heard my voice,
And saw the wounds of my head-smashing club,
He came to meet me like a mad elephant, seeking to wound me.
He desired to entangle me with his long noose;
But when I saw him I leaped out of the way of destruction,
And, grasping my Kaianian bow,
And selecting my choicest steel-pointed arrows,
I darted them upon him like swift eagles,
And poured them upon him like fiery rain;
His head, massive as an anvil,
I thought to have nailed to his helmet.
When I saw him through the dust,
Coming on like a mad elephant, his Indian sword in his hand,
It came into my mind, O King,
That the very hills were about to ask grace for their lives.
He in haste, and I slowly —
I pondered how I might take him in my grasp;
And when the warrior rushed down upon me,
I stretched out my arm from my war-horse,
Seized the courageous hero by the belt,
Lifted him up lion-like from the saddle,
And furious as an elephant dashed him to the ground,
So that his bones were crushed to atoms.

"When their commander was thus laid low,
His army turned back from the field of battle:
On every side they crowded in bands,

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Filling the heights and the slopes, the plains and the mountains.
When we numbered the slain, horse and foot,
We counted twelve thousand, who had fallen in the field;
The soldiers, and townspeople, and valiant horsemen
Amounted to thirty hundred thousands.
What weight has the power of the evil-minded
Against thy fortune and the servants of thy throne?"

When Saum had finished his narrative, Manucheher commands him to assemble an army, to march against Mihrab, to devastate his country, and extirpate his family. Saum dares not disobey, and sets off to execute his commission. On the way he encounters his son, Zaul, who earnestly implores him to suspend his purpose and permit him to go, and himself urge his suit before the King. Saum consents and seconds his request by a letter to Manucheher, in which he recounts his services, and in particular his slaying of a terrible dragon which had long desolated the country.

"If I had not appeared in the land,
The heads would have been cut off even of those who bear them the highest,
When the huge Dragon came up from the river Kashaf,
And made the ground bare as the palm of my hand.
His length was as the distance from city to city,

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His breadth as the space from mountain to mountain.
He filled the hearts of all men with terror,
And kept them all on the watch night and day.

I looked, and saw not a bird in the air,
Nor a beast of prey on the face of the ground;
His flames burnt the feathers of the vulture,
The grass withered beneath his poison;
He drew the fierce water-serpent up from its waters,
And the soaring eagle down from its clouds;
The earth was emptied of man and beast,
And everything abandoned its habitation to him.

When I saw that there was no one in the land,
Who was able to crush him with the strong hand,
Relying on the power of the Sovereign of the World,
God the Pure, I cast all fear from my heart;
I girded my loins in the name of the Most High,
I vaulted into the saddle of my massive war-horse,
Grasped in my hand the ox-headed mace,
And, my bow on my arm, and my shield at its neck,
Rushed forward like a furious crocodile —
I with the strong wrist, he with his venom;
And each one who saw by the mace that I was about to encounter the Dragon,
Exclaimed to me as I passed: "Farewell!"

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I came, I beheld him, huge as a mountain,
Trailing his cord-like hairs upon the ground.
His tongue resembled the black-tree (*the upas ?*),
His jaws opened and stretched out on the way,
His two eyes were like two basins of blood.
He saw me, roared, and sprang upon me with fury:
I thought, O King, so it appeared to me,
That his inside must be filled with fire.
The world appeared to my eyes like an agitated ocean;
A black smoke went up darkly to the clouds,
The face of the earth trembled at his cry,
From the venom the ground was like the sea of China.
But, as was becoming a valiant man,
I shouted with the voice of a lion,
Placed without delay in my long cross-bow
A choice poplar arrow pointed with adamant,
Aimed the shaft right at his jaws,
That I might nail his tongue to his palate;
I pierced it on one side with the arrow,
And he lolled it out in utter bewilderment.
In an instant another arrow like the first
I aimed at his mouth, and he writhed from the wound.
A third time I struck him in the midst of his jaws,
And the boiling blood rushed from his vitals.
But, as he narrowed the ground before me,
I upraised the vengeful ox-headed mace,
In the strength of God, the Master of the Universe,

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Urged on my elephant-bodied charger,
And battered him in such wise with its blows
That you would say the sky was raining down
mountains upon him.
I pounded his head as though it was the head
of a mad elephant,
And from his body streamed the poison like
the river Nile;
Such was the wound that he never rose again,
And the plain was level to the hills with his
brains;
The river Kashaf became a river of bile:
But the earth was once more an abode of sleep
and quiet;
And the hills were covered with men and
women
Who called down blessings upon me."

Zaul arrives at the court of Manucheher. The King is highly pleased with his appearance and the proofs which he gives of his wisdom and courage; but his fears still make him hesitate to grant his request, and it is not until he has consulted the astrologers and received from them a favorable answer, that he sanctions the marriage with his approval. Zaul then returns joyously to Kabul to communicate the glad tidings to Rudabah. The nuptials are celebrated with great pomp, and the offspring of the marriage is the Hero Rustum — the Hercules of Persia — whose deeds and adventures fill many pages of the Shah-Nameh.

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FRAGMENTS

(Translated by Robinson)

LET each one beware how he sets his heart upon fraud. After the rise follows the descent.

HAPPY he who hath made the world happier!

OH thou who wouldst penetrate to the marrow of the subject, break off thy heart from this old hostelry (*the world*): for, like unto you and me, it has seen many guests, nor will it suffer any one long to rest within it.

EVEN if thou art made of iron, Destiny will wear thee down, and when thou art aged he will not fondle thee.

WHETHER thou be monarch, or whether thou be subject, no other resting place shalt thou have than the dark earth. Where are the mighty ones with their thrones and crowns? Where are the horsemen elated with victory? Where those bold and intelligent warriors? Where those valiant and exalted chieftains? Their only pallet is now the earth and a few bricks — happy, if only they have left a fair fame!

CRUSH not yon ant, as it drags along its grain; for it has life, and its sweet life is pleasant to it.

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ONE Thou exaltest, and givest him dominion; another Thou castest as food to the fishes.

One Thou enrichest with treasure; another Thou feedest with the bread of affliction.

Nor is that a proof of Thy love, or this of Thy hatred; for Thou, the Creator of the world, knowest what is fit for each.

Thou assignest to each man his high or low estate; and how shall I describe thee?— *Thou art what Thou art.*

THE LAST WORDS OF KING ARDESHIR TO HIS SON.

THE foundation of a king's throne may be shaken in three ways: First, because the king is an unjust one; Secondly, because he brings forward an unprincipled man and exalts him above the virtuous one; Thirdly, when he expends his riches on himself, or labors only to make his treasure more.

Make thyself conspicuous for justice and liberality, and suffer no false person to come nigh unto thee. Falsehood darkens the countenance of a king; an evil-minded man will lose all his splendor.

Take heed that thou guard not thy treasure too closely, for men through money fall into affliction. Whenever the king is seized with the passion of avarice, he exposes the bodies of his subjects to suffering.

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Exert thyself to keep anger at a distance; close thine eye as in sleep to the fault of the misdoer. If thou yieldest to anger, shame will follow thee. When he makes his apology apply the remedy — forgiveness. When the king abandons himself to anger, the wise man will esteem him little worth. Since it is a fault in a king to wish evil to any one, he should study to fill his heart with kindness.

Such is the action of the revolving sphere; sometimes it brings pain, and sometimes gladness. Sometimes Fortune is like a vicious horse, and in the midst of thy prosperity its caprice involves thee in misfortune. At another time it is a charger at full speed, tossing its head on high in its good will.

Know, my son, that this palace of deception will not permit thee to enjoy thyself without terrors. Watch over thy body and over thy mind, if thou desirest that thy day should not turn to evil.

When the king pays homage to religion, religion and royalty are brethren. Nor can religion be stable without royalty; nor can royalty be permanent without religion. They are two foundations interlaced with one another, which intelligence has combined in one. Religion cannot do without royalty; neither can royalty be maintained without religion. They are like two sentinels keeping guard over one another under the same tent (or cloak). Neither can this one do without that, nor that

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one without this: you would say that they are two partners associated for the purpose of doing good.

Leave not till to-morrow the business of to-day; nor place upon a throne one who counsels evil. Fear the evil men who contrive evil in secret; from bad men who work in secret comes the misery of the world!

Trust not thy secret to a confidant, for he, too, will have his associates and friends, and it will be spread abroad through the whole city; and men will call thee weak-headed, and the wise ones will tell thee that anger becomes thee not.

In no wise ask about the faults of others, for he who reports the faults of others will report thine also; and if passion gains the mastery over reason, the wise will not count thee amongst men.

The sovereign of the world, who should be benevolent to every one, ought to be a man of intelligence; and God forbid that one of sharp and arrogant disposition, who turns not away from calumnies and reproaches, should take his place beside thee, or be a counsellor and guide to thee.

If thou desirest that the pure in heart should praise thee, lay aside anger and vengeance when thou becomest king.

Be not a man of many words, and parade not thy virtues in the face of others. Listen to every word, and remember the best; and look well before thou takest any one to thy heart.

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Weigh well thy words in the presence of the learned; show to every one a courteous demeanor and a pleasant countenance. Treat not with contempt the poor petitioner; and seat not the malevolent man upon a throne. If any one asks pardon for his fault, receive it; and take not vengeance for a past injury.

Be a just judge and a providence to all. Happy the man who is generous and patient! When thine enemy fears thee, he will use flattering words; but do thou then array thine army, and sound the drum, and throw thyself into the battle, till his hand becomes weak, and he retire.

But if he seek peace, and thou seest that he is sincere, and there is no falsehood in his heart, take tribute from him, and seek not vengeance and have respect to his honor.

Adorn thy mind with knowledge, for knowledge makes thy worth; and when thou knowest, practise what thou knowest.

If thou art generous thou wilt be beloved; and with justice and knowledge thou wilt become illustrious.

Lay to thy soul the injunctions of thy father, and preserve them for a memorial to thy children. When I have left to my children their rightful heritage, I shall have done an injury to no one.

And thou, do not neglect these my injunctions, and do not for an instant pervert my words.

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Turn towards the good, and let the bad be as the wind. Grieve not my spirit by any perversity, nor my frail body with fire.

Employ not thy power, O my son, to do evil to others; and seek not to pain or afflict any one.

Now I am prepared for my departure: commit me to the tomb, and do thou ascend thy throne. I have borne many sorrows in the world; some in public, others in secret; gladden my spirit by thy justice, and be victorious and joyful on thy throne!

KING NUSHIRVAN'S ADDRESS TO THE GRANDEES OF IRAN (PERSIA)

LEAVE not the business of to-day to be done to-morrow, for who knoweth what to-morrow may be thy condition?

The rose-garden which to-day is full of flowers, when to-morrow thou wouldst pluck a rose, may not afford thee one.

When thou findest thy body vigorous, then think of sickness, and pain, and infirmity.

Remember that after life cometh the day of death; and that in the face of death we are as leaves in face of the wind.

Whenever thou enterest on a matter sluggishly, thou wilt execute it feebly.

If thou sufferest passion to get the mastery over prudence, thou wilt need no witness to attest thy folly.

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The man who talks much, and never acts, will not be held in reputation by any one.

By crookedness thou wilt render thy paths the darker, but the road towards rectitude is a narrow one.

Even a matter in which thou hast pre-eminent ability will turn to evil, if thou doest it with dulness and inactivity.

If thy tongue allies itself with falsehood, no splendor from the throne of heaven will reach thee.

A crooked word is the resort of weakness, and over the weak we can only weep.

If the king rouses himself from sleep to mount his throne, he will enjoy sound health, and be safe from his enemy.

The prudent man will abstain from luxurious living; and all that goes beyond our actual needs proceeds from greediness, and is full of pain and anxiety.

If the king is endowed with justice and liberality, the world will be full of ornament and beauty.

But if crookedness enter into his counsels, his meat will be the bitter gourd, and his water will be blood.

ISKANDER'S CONVERSATION WITH THE BRAHMINS

ISKANDER (Alexander the Great) asked the Brahmins about their sleep and their food; how

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they enjoyed their days of tranquillity, and how they supported the dust of the battle. "What is your portion of the delights of the world, for Fortune never separates the poison and the antidote?"

One of the sages replied: "O conqueror of the world, no one speaks here of fame or of battle. We have no wants as to clothing, reposing, or eating. Since man comes naked from his mother, he ought not to be very delicate in the matter of raiment. Hence he will return naked to the earth, and here he will find a place of fear, and of sickness, and of anxiety. The ground is our bed, and our covering the sky, and our eyes are set upon the road, waiting for that which Time may bring with it. The ambitious man labors excessively for something which, after all, is little worth the labor; for when he leaves this temporary place of refuge, he must leave behind him also his crown and his treasures. His sole companions will be his good deeds; and he and all that he has will return to the dust."

One of the Brahmins said to him: "O Monarch, close thou for us the door of Death."

He replied: "With Death, vain are all petitions! What rescue can there be from the sharp claws of the dragon? For wert thou of iron, from them thou couldst not escape. Youthful as he may be, he who remains long here will from old age find no deliverance."

The Brahmin answered: "Then, King, puis-

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sant, and learned, and worthy of empire, since thou knowest that for death there is no remedy, and that there is no worse affliction than old age, why give thyself so much pains to win the world?— why madly persevere to smell its poisoned flower? The misery thou hast caused will remain after thee: the fruits of thy trouble and thy treasure will go to thine enemies."

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SELECTIONS FROM THE POEMS OF OMAR KHAYYAM

(XI AND XII CENTURIES)

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OMAR KHAYYAM

The silence thrills to sound; a mournful strain
Of music throbs across the sea of years,
Bearing thy story, Omar, to our ears;
Of prayers the mocking skies hurled back again —
Of hands stretched out to Heaven for help in vain —
Of dull despair which neither hopes nor fears —
Grief that has learned the uselessness of tears —
And bitter calm of weariness and pain.

A human heart speaks to us from the Past,
From the vast stillness in whose unknown deep
We too so soon must plunge and seek for rest.
Has Peace, my Brother, come to thee at last —
The perfect Peace of quiet, dreamless sleep?
Sleep on! for surely dreamless sleep is best.

J. W. R.

1894.

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QUATRAINS[1]

OMAR KHAYYAM

VIII

SINCE Life passes: what is Baghdad and what is Balkh?
Since Life passes: what matter if it be sweet or bitter?
Drink wine, for often, after thee and me, this Moon
Will pass on from the last day of the month to the first, and from the first to the last.

XII

If a loaf of wheaten bread be forthcoming,
A gourd of wine, and a thigh-bone of mutton,
And then, if Thou and I be sitting in the wilderness —
That were a joy not within the power of any Sultan.

XIV

The Rose said: I brought a gold-scattering hand,
Laughing, laughing, have I blown into the world;
I snatched the noose-string from off the head of my purse and I am gone!
I flung into the world all the ready money that I had.

[1] The numbers of the quatrains are Fitzgerald's; the translations are Mr. Heron-Allen's.

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XIX

Everywhere that there has been a rose or a tulip bed,
It has come from the redness of the blood of a King;
Every violet shoot that grows from the earth
Is a mole that was (once) upon the cheek of a Beauty.

XXIX

He first brought me in confusion into Existence;
What do I gain from my life save my amazement at it?
We went away against our will, and we know not what was
The purpose of this Coming, and Going, and Being.

XXXVI

This Jug was once a plaintive lover, as I am,
And was enslaved by the curly head of a Sweetheart;
This handle that thou seest upon its neck
Is an arm that once lay around the neck of a friend.

XXXVII

I saw a Potter in the bazaar yesterday,
He was violently pounding some fresh clay,
And that clay said to him in mystic language,
"I was once like thee — so treat me well."

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XLI

Set limits to thy desire for worldly things, and live content;
Sever the bonds of thy dependence upon the good and the bad of life;

Flee from the study of all sciences — 't is better thus,
And twine thy fingers in the curly locks of a Loved One — 't is better thus.

XLVII

Oh! how long we shall be no more, and the world will continue to exist,
It will continue to exist without fame or sign of us;
Long ago we existed not and (the world) was none the worse for it,
Afterwards, when we have ceased to exist, it will be all the same.

LV

If the heart understood the secret of existence as it *is*,
In death it would know all the secrets of God;
If to-day thou knowest nothing, being *with* thyself,
What wilt thou know to-morrow when thou abandonest thyself?

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LXVII

The Heavenly Vault is a girdle (cast) from my weary body,
The Oxus is a water-course worn by my filtered tears,
Hell is a spark from my useless worries,
Paradise is a moment of time when I am tranquil.

LXIX

To speak plain language and not in parables,
We are the pieces and Heaven plays the game,
We are played together in a baby game upon the chess-board of existence.
And one by one we return to the box of Non-existence.

LXXII

This heavenly vault is like a bowl fallen upside down,
Under which all the wise have fallen helpless.

The good and bad that are in man's nature,
The happiness and misery that are predestined for us,
Do not impute them to the heavens, for, in the way of Wisdom,
Those heavens are a thousandfold more helpless than thou art.

LXXIV

Be happy! they settled thy business — yesterday,
And beyond the reach of all thy longings is — yesterday;

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Live happily, for without any importunity on thy part — yesterday
They appointed with certainty what thou wilt do to-morrow — yesterday!

LXXX

In a thousand places on the road I walk, Thou placest snares,
Thou say'st "I will catch thee if thou settest foot in them,"
In no smallest thing is the world independent of Thee,
Thou orderest all things, and (yet) callest me rebellious!

LXXXVIII

They say that at the resurrection there will be much searching,
And that that excellent Friend will be hasty;
Nothing but good ever came from Unalloyed Goodness,
Be happy! for the upshot will be all right!

Arise and give me wine, what time is this for words?
For to-night thy little mouth fills all my needs;
Give me wine as rose-colored as thy cheeks,
For this penitence of mine is as full of tangles as thy curls.

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SELECTIONS FROM THE POEMS OF NIZAMI

(BORN A. D. 1140/41 — DIED A. D. 1202)

—This ancient vault containeth nothing beneath it
Comparable for beauty with the words of Nizami.
HAFIZ.

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LAILA AND MAJNUN

The Beginning of Love

YES, love triumphant came, engrossing all
The fond luxuriant thoughts of youth and maid;
And whilst subdued in that delicious thrall,
Smiles and bright tears upon their features played.
Then in soft converse did they pass the hours,
Their passion, like the season, fresh and fair;
Their opening path seemed decked with balmiest flowers,
Their melting words as soft as summer air.
Immersed in love so deep,
They hoped suspicion would be lulled asleep,
And none be conscious of their amorous state;
They hoped that none with prying eye,
And gossip tongue invidiously,
Might to the busy world its truth relate.
And thus possessed, they anxious thought
Their passion would be kept unknown;
Wishing to seem what they were not,
Though all observed their hearts were one.

[In after life the lovers meet only for a single instant of rapturous joy. They exchange vows of eternal devotion and are separated forever. Laila's faithful page Zeyd beheld the lovers, in a vision, reunited in the Muslim Paradise.]

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Laila and Majnun in Paradise.

The minstrels' legend chronicle
Which on their woes delights to dwell,
Their matchless purity and faith,
And how their dust was mixed in death,
Tells how the sorrow-stricken Zeyd,
In meditation deep one night,
Saw, in a dream, the beauteous bride
With Majnun seated, side by side.
The other world flashed on his sight
With endless visions of delight —
The world of Spirits; as he lay
Angels appeared in bright array,
Circles of glory round them gleaming,
Their eyes with holy rapture beaming;
He saw the ever-verdant bowers,
With golden fruit and blooming flowers;
The bulbul heard, their sweets among,
Warbling his rich mellifluous song;
The ring-dove's murmuring, and the swell
Of melody from harp and shell;
He saw within a rosy glade,
Beneath a palm's extensive shade,
A throne, amazing to behold,
Studded with glittering gems and gold;
Celestial carpets near it spread,
Close where a lucid streamlet strayed;
Upon that throne, in blissful state,
The long-divided lovers sate,
Resplendent with seraphic light;
They held a cup with diamonds bright;

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Their lips by turns, with nectar wet,
In pure ambrosial kisses met;
Sometimes to each their thoughts revealing,
Each clasping each with tenderest feeling.

The dreamer who this vision saw
Demanded with becoming awe,
What sacred names the happy pair
In Irem-bowers were wont to bear.
A voice replied: "That sparkling Moon
Is Laila still — her friend, Majnun;
Deprived in your frail world of bliss,
They reap their great reward in this."
— *Laila and Majnun* (translated by Atkinson).

—It came into my heart that this was the time for work,
That Fate was my partner, and Fortune was my friend.
How long, I exclaimed, shall I choose vacuity of mind?
How long sit withdrawn from the business of the world?
Heaven, which hath given me the fulness of satisfaction,
Hath emptied my breast of emptiness of soul;
Now I can attune my voice to the harmony of the world,
For to him belongeth the world, who adapteth himself to the world.
— *Divan* (translated by Robinson).

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The Speech of Alexander the Great to the Wise Men.

— Oh ye who have been nurtured in science,
Much thought have I given to this question of the stars.
I know that these images have not grown of themselves;
There must have been one to portray them at the first.
I know that there must be a Modeller behind,
But "the How" He modelled them, of that I know nothing.
If I knew "the How" He made them,
I should be able to make them, as He hath made them.
For every image which presenteth itself to the mind,
It is certainly possible to exhibit in deed.
And since we know not how to read the mysteries of creation,
Why curiously pry into what He hath concealed?
Ye who have studied the Heavens as the pages of a book,
See to what contrariety of opinion ye are arrived!
On such a subject it is not well to say more than *this:*
That the model of the universe ***must have had a Modeller!***
—*The Alexander-Book* (translated by Robinson).

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— Why do we sleep so much on this our threshold?
Is it because Sleep is the familiar friend of Death?
—*The Alexander-Book* (translated by Robinson).

— From my mother I came naked to the earth,
Naked to the earth let me be given again.
Lightly-burdened was I born, how should I go laden away?
Better that I depart such as I arrived!
There sat down and uprose a bird on the mountain,
What did it add to the mountain, and what take away?
— *The Alexander-Book* (translated by Robinson).

Think not, O Khizar, thou favored by Fortune,
That when I praise wine I mean the juice of the grape,
I mean that wine which raiseth me above self;
That is the wine with which I would furnish my banquet.
My "cup-bearer" is to perform my vow to God;
My "morning draught from the tavern" is the wine of self-oblivion!
By Heaven, so long as I have enjoyed existence,
Never hath the tip of my lip been stained by wine.

—*Khamsah.*

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SELECTIONS FROM THE POEMS OF SAADI

(A.D 1190—1291)

— To what use wilt thou apply a tray of roses?
Pluck thou rather a leaf from my Garden:
The rose may continue to bloom for five or six days;
But my Rose-Garden will be fragrant forever.

—SAADI.

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WHAT SAADI SAID OF HIS ROSE-GARDEN

"Like the gay robes contented persons wear
"On holidays, the garments of the trees
"In this green garden, rustle in the breeze,
"While roses and sweet basil scent the air.

"When frost and winter blight the garden fair,
"And chill misfortune comes to all of these,
"The fragrant herbs and happy flowerets freeze;
"No summer rose remains to blossom there.

"But I," said Saadi, "have a garden made
"Where flowers are ever blooming, unafraid;
"The petals of my roses in despite
"Of bitter winds and seasons, bring delight."

In Saadi's roses that for Aye endure
Love finds its image, Misery its cure.

E. S. H.

1899.

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THE GULISTAN (ROSE-GARDEN).

(Extracts from the translation of the Kama Shastra Society — i. e., Sir Richard F. Burton — verses are printed in italic type.)

IN THE NAME OF ALLAH, THE MERCIFUL, THE CLEMENT!

Laudation to the God of majesty and glory! Obedience to him is a cause of approach, and gratitude an increase of benefits. Every inhalation of the breath prolongs life, and every expiration of it gladdens our nature; wherefore every breath confers two benefits; and for every benefit gratitude is due.

Whose hand and tongue is capable
To fulfil the obligations of thanks to Him?

Words of the Most High: Be thankful, oh family of David, and but few of my servants are thankful (*Koran*, ch. xxxiv.).

Cloud and wind, moon and sun move in the sky,
That thou mayest gain bread, and not eat it unconcerned;
For thee all are revolving and obedient;
It is against the requirements of justice if thou obeyest not.

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There is a tradition of (the Prophet) Mohammed — upon whom be blessing and peace — that whenever a sinful and distressed worshipper stretches forth the hand of repentance with hopes of acceptance to the court of heaven, God the Most High does not notice him, whereon he continues to implore mercy with supplications and tears, and God the Most Holy says: O my angels, verily I am ashamed of my servant, and he has no other Lord besides myself; accordingly I have fully pardoned him.

See the generosity and kindness of God:
The servant has committed sin, and He *is ashamed!*

Oh Thou who art above all imaginations, conjectures, opinions, and ideas,
Above anything people have said, or we have heard or read,
The assembly is finished and life has reached its term,
And we have, as at first, remained powerless in describing Thee.

THE CAUSE FOR COMPOSING THE GULISTAN.

I was one night meditating on the time which had elapsed, repenting of the life I had squandered, and perforating the stony mansion of my heart with adamantine tears.

Every moment a breath of life is spent,
If I consider, not much of it remains.

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I thought it proper to sit down in the mansion of retirement . . . and no more to indulge in senseless prattle. I continued in this resolution till a friend entered at the door according to his old custom with cheerful gladness; but I would give him no reply, nor lift up my head from the knees of worship. He looked at me, aggrieved, and said:

Now, whilst thou hast the power of utterance,
Speak, oh brother, with grace and kindness;
Because to-morrow, when the messenger of death arrives
Thou wilt of necessity restrain thy tongue.

One of my connections told him I had firmly determined, and was intent upon spending the rest of my life in continual devotion and silence, advising him at the same time to follow my example. He replied: "I swear by the great dignity of Allah and by our old friendship that I shall not budge one step unless he converses with me as formerly and in his usual way. It is against propriety that the sword of ALI should remain in the scabbard, and the tongue of Saadi in his palate."

Although intelligent men consider silence civil,
It is better for thee to speak at the proper time.
Two things betoken levity of intellect: To remain mute
When it is proper to speak, and to talk when silence is required.

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In short, I had not the firmness to restrain my tongue; he being a congenial friend and sincerely affectionate. I was under the necessity of speaking, and then went out by way of diversion in the vernal season, when the time of the dominion of roses had arrived.

Green garments were upon the trees,
Like holiday robes on contented persons.

The next morning I saw that my friend had collected roses, sweet basil, hyacinths, and fragrant herbs with the determination to carry them to town: whereon I said: "Thou knowest that the roses of the garden are perishable, and the philosophers have said: 'Whatever is not of long duration is not to be cherished.'" He asked: "Then what is to be done?" I replied: "I may compose for the amusement of readers and for the instruction of listeners a *Gulistan* (rose-garden) whose leaves cannot be touched by the tyranny of autumnal blasts, and the delight of whose spring the vicissitudes of time will be unable to change into the inconstancy of autumn.

Of what use will be a dish of roses to thee?
Take a leaf from my rose-garden.
A flower endures but five or six days,
But this rose-garden is always delightful.

After I had uttered these words he threw away the flowers, saying: "When a generous fellow makes a promise, he keeps it!"

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A trained orator, old, aged,
First meditates and then speaks;
Do not speak without consideration:
Speak well, and if slow — what matters it?
Deliberate — and then begin to talk.
Say thyself enough, before others say enough.
By speech a man is better than a brute,
But a beast is better unless thou speakest properly.
How can a man fabricate a good sword of bad iron?
Oh sage! Who is nobody becomes not somebody by education.
The rain, in the beneficence of whose nature is no flaw,
Will cause tulips to grow in a garden, and weeds in bad soil.
Saline earth will not produce hyacinths:
Throw not away thy seeds or work thereon.
To do good to wicked persons is like
Doing evil to good men.

Straightness is the means of acceptance to God;
I saw no one lost on the straight road.

If people injure thee, grieve not;
Because neither rest nor grief come from the people.
Be aware that the contrasts of friend and foe are from God,
Because the hearts of both are in His keeping.
Although the arrow is shot from the bow,
Wise men look at the archer!

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Oh thou! who showest virtues on the palms of the hand,
But concealest thy errors under the armpit,
What wilt thou purchase, oh vainglorious fool,
On the day of distress with counterfeit silver?

I remember being in my childhood pious, rising in the night, addicted to devotion and abstinence. One night, I was sitting with my father, remaining awake, and holding the beloved Koran in my lap whilst the people around us were asleep. I said: "Not one of these persons lifts up his head or makes a genuflexion. They are as fast asleep as if they were dead." He replied: "Darling of thy father! Would that thou wert also asleep, rather than disparaging people."

Lokman, being asked from whom he had learned civility, replied: From those who had no civility, because what appeared to me unbecoming in them I refrained from doing.

By apology and penitence one may be saved from the wrath of God,
But cannot be saved from the tongues of men.

A hermit requires neither silver money nor gold
If he takes any—find another hermit.

I saw bouquets of fresh roses
Tied upon a cupola of grass.
I asked: "What is despicable grass
"To sit also in the line of the roses?"

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The grass wept and said: "Hush!
"Companionship does not obliterate nobility.
"Although I have no beauty, color, and perfume,
"Am I not after all the grass of God's garden?"

With a face made sad by misfortune, to a dear friend
Do not go; because thou wilt embitter his life also.

I am displeased with the company of friends
To whom my bad qualities appear to be good;
They fancy my faults are virtues and perfection;
My thorns they believe to be rose and jessamine.
Say! where is the bold and quick enemy
To make me aware of my defects?

In the folly of youth I one day shouted at my mother, who then sat down with a grieved heart in a corner and said, weeping: "Hast thou forgotten thy infancy that thou art harsh towards me?"

How sweetly said the old woman to her son,
If thou hadst remembered the time of thy infancy,
How helpless thou wast in my arms,
Thou wouldst not this day have been harsh —
For thou art a lion-like man, and I, an old woman.

Nothing is better for an ignorant man than silence, and if he were to consider it to be suitable, he would not be ignorant.

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It is better to be an ignorant poor fellow,
Than a learned man who is not abstemious;
Because the former loses the way by his blindness,
While the latter falls into a well with both eyes open.

Oh thou who art riding a fleet horse, consider
That the poor thorn-carrying ass is in water and mud.
Ask not for fire from thy poor neighbor's house,
Because what passes out of his window, is the smoke of his heart!

To whom shall I complain of Thee? There is no other Judge,
And there is no other hand superior to Thine!
Whom Thou guidest, no one can lead astray;
Whom Thou castelh off, no one can guide!

CONCLUSION OF THE BOOK

The book of the *Gulistan* has been completed, and Allah has been invoked for aid!

Gratitude is due from me to God that this book is ended
Before my life has reached its termination.

— Kings are but guardians, who the poor should keep:
Though this world's goods wait on their diadem.
Not for the shepherd's welfare are the sheep:
The Shepherd rather is for pasturing them.
—The *Gulistan* (translated by Eastwick).

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— Opinions, differing from the King's, to have,
Is your own hands in your own blood to lave.
Should he affirm the day to be the night —
Say you behold the Moon and Pleiads' light.
— The *Gulistan* (translated by Eastwick).

— Those who the faults of others bring to you,
Be sure they 'll bear to others your faults too.
— The *Gulistan* (translated by Eastwick).

— Do not to foes thy sufferings impart,
Lest when they seem to grieve, they joy at heart.
— The *Gulistan* (translated by Eastwick).

MORAL RECTITUDE AND SELF-CONTROL

My theme is rectitude, and self-government, and good habits; not the practising-ground, and horsemen, and mace, and ball.

Thine enemy is the spirit which dwelleth within thyself; why seek in a stranger one to contend with? He who can bridle his spirit from that which is forbidden hath surpassed Rustam and Saum in valor.

Chastise thyself like a child with thine own rod, and brain not others with thy ponderous mace.

An enemy will suffer no harm from one like thee, unless thou art able to overcome thyself.

Thy body is a City full of good and evil; thou art the Sultan, and Reason is thy wise Vizier.

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In this City, side by side, live base men, self-exalted — Pride and Sensuality, fierce Passions; Contentment, Conscientiousness, men of good name; Lust and Ambition, Robbery and Treachery.

When the Sultan maketh the bad his familiars, where can the prudent find a place of rest?

Appetite and Greediness, and Pride and Envy cleave to thee as the blood in thy veins, and the soul in thy vitals. If these enemies have once obtained the mastery of thee, they rush out, and will overpower all thy discretion.

There need be no contest with Appetite and Passion; if so be that Reason hold out a sharp claw.

The chief who knoweth not how to manage his enemy will hardly save his chieftainship from his enemy's hand.

What need can there be in this book to say much? A little is enough for him who goeth right to his mark.

— The *Bustan* (translated by Robinson).

ABRAHAM AND THE FIRE-WORSHIPPER

I HAVE heard that for a whole week no wayfarer had come to claim the hospitality of the Friend of God (*Abraham*).

From a cheerful habit he would not eat his morning meal unless some necessitous traveller arrived on his journey.

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He went out and looked on every side, and surveyed every point of the valley.

He saw only, like a reed in the desert, one solitary man, whose hair was white with the snows of age.

He addressed him with a courteous welcome, and gave him an invitation after the custom of the liberal:

"O dear to me as the apple of mine eye, do me the kindness to eat of my bread and of my salt."

Gladly he assented, leaped up, and quickened his step, for he knew the character of the inviter — on whom be Peace!

They who ministered to the hospitality of the Friend of God seated the poor old man in the seat of honor.

He commanded and they prepared the table, and his companions placed themselves around it.

But when the company began: "In the name of God," no voice from the old man reached the ear.

Then he said: "O thou that hast seen many days, I perceive that thou art not pious and earnest, as an old man should be.

"Is it not proper when thou eatest thy daily bread to name the name of the Lord who gave it?"

He replied: "I have not followed thy way; for I was never taught it by the Priest of the Fire-Worshippers."

Then the Prophet of good omen knew that the old man was an infidel, doomed to perdition;

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And when he found him to be an alien, he assailed him with contumelies as a wicked wretch too unholy to consort with the holy.

Then came an Angel from the Creator, who reproved him sternly, saying:

"I have bestowed upon him life and daily food for a hundred years, and is he become to thee an abomination in a single day?"

"If he hath offered up his adoration before Fire, art thou therefore to withdraw from him the hand of benevolence?"

— The *Bustan* (translated by Robinson).

HUMILITY: THE GLOW-WORM

PERCHANCE thou mayst have seen in the garden, or at the foot of a hillock, a small worm, which in the night shines like a lamp.

Some one said to it: "Oh, night-illuminating worm, what becomes of thee that thou never comest out during the day?"

Hear what that little earth-born fiery worm replied:

"In the day, as in the night, I am equally in the field; but I veil my lustre in the presence of the Sun."

— The *Bustan* (translated by Robinson).

THE PEARL AND THE OCEAN

A DROP of rain trickled from a cloud into the ocean. When it beheld the breadth of its waters it was utterly confounded:

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"What a place is this Sea, and what am I? If it is existent, verily I am non-existent."

Whilst it was thus regarding itself with the eye of contempt, an oyster received and cherished it in its bosom.

Fortune preferred it to a place of honor; for it became a renowned royal Pearl!

Because it was humble, it found exaltation: it knocked at the door of Nonentity that it might arise into Being.

— The *Bustan* (translated by Robinson).

Moments délicieux, les plus doux de ma vie!
Hier soir, sur mon cœur je pressais mon amie.
Ses beaux yeux se fermaient, de sommeil enivrés.
Je lui dis : "O ma belle à taille de cyprès,
"Chasse le doux repos de ta paupière close,
"Chante, beau rossignol; souris, bouton de rose;
"C'est trop dormir — debout! Trouble-des-Cœurs,
"Éveille-toi, depuis trop longtemps tu sommeilles.
"Je veux boire l'amour à tes lèvres vermeilles!"
Mais la belle, entr'ouvrant ses yeux pleins de langueurs :
"Je suis Trouble-des-Cœurs, *et c'est toi qui m'éveilles!"*
Dit elle, "Ignores-tu qu'un prince aimé du ciel
"A condamné le trouble au sommeil éternel?"

— The *Bustan* (translated by de Meynard).

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SAADI AT THE GRAVE OF HIS CHILD

WHILST I was at Sanaa I lost a child — why talk of the blow which then fell upon my head?

In this garden (*the world*) no cypress ever reached its full stature that the blast of Destiny did not tear its trunk from the root.

It is not wonderful that roses should spring out of the earth when so many rose-like forms sleep within its clay.

In my melancholy and distraction, whilst dwelling on his image, I erected a stone over the spot where he reposeth.

In terror of that place, so dark and narrow, my color paled, and my senses failed me:

When from that disturbance my understanding came back to me, a voice from my darling child struck mine ear —

"If that dark spot make thee feel thy desolation, recall thy reason, and come out into the light.

"Wouldst thou make the night of the tomb as bright as day, light it up with the lamp of good works."

— The *Bustan* (translated by Robinson).

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SELECTIONS FROM THE POEMS OF HAFIZ

(XIV CENTURY)

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ODE

HITHER, hither, oh Cupbearer, hand round and give the cup!
For love at first showed easy — but difficulties have come!

At the odor of musk, which the breezes will unfold from these tresses —
From the curls of those musky ringlets, what blood hath fallen in our hearts!

Stain thou with wine thy prayer-carpet, if the old man of the tavern commands thee,
For the traveller is not ignorant of the ways and customs of the inn.

To me in the inn of my beloved what peace or joy, when every moment
The bell proclaims the summons, "Bind on your burdens, oh travellers!"

Dark is the night, there is fear of the wave, and a dreadful whirlpool —
How should they know our state, the careless ones on the shore?

Wilfully ye distort my every deed to my reproach;
How should that secret remain concealed, when they make it their common discourse?

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If thou desirest her presence, oh HAFIZ ! forsake
her not;
And when thou attainest thy desire, quit the
world and let it go !
— (Translated by E. B. Cowell).

ODE

CURLED is the hair of Hyacinth, jealous to match
thy hair, for thee;
If but thy lips do sweetly smile, Rose doth her
vesture tear for thee.

Pierce not thy faithful Bulbul's heart, Rose of
the fragrant breath, my Rose;
Hark how I make through all the night, all in
the night, my prayer for thee.

I that, of old, was sick to hear even the sound
of angel-voice,
Now, the insensate worldly jeer, chatter and
babble, bear for thee.

Worship of thee hath sealed my brow; dust of
thy door my Eden now;
Love of thy cheek my life, I trow; all my de-
sire is care for thee.

Cowl of the monk and bowl of wine, how shall
the twain by man be wed;
Yet for the love I bear to thee, these to unite I
dare for thee.

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Lo, in the bedesman's tattered sleeve hidden is
wealth beyond a king's;
Soon shall he climb the throne, who dares bedes-
man's attire to wear for thee.

Now is mine eye a kingly seat; there is thy pic-
ture's resting-place;
Yea, 't is a seat of prayer, my king; be it not
empty e'er for thee.

Like to a garden bower thy cheek, where in the
beauty-tide of Spring,
HAFIZ the sweet of tongue doth nest, trilling his
music there for thee.
— (Translated in the metre of the original by
Walter Leaf.)

ODE

I HAVE borne the anguish of love, which ask me
not to describe:
I have tasted the poison of absence, which ask
me not to relate.

Far through the world have I roved, and at
length I have chosen
A sweet creature (a ravisher of hearts), whose
name ask me not to disclose.

The flowing of my tears bedews her footsteps
In such a manner as ask me not to utter.

On yesternight from her own mouth with my
own ears I heard
Such words as pray ask me not to repeat.

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Why dost thou bite thy lip at me? What dost
thou not hint (*that I may have told*)?
I have devoured a lip like a ruby: but whose, ask
me not to mention.

Absent from thee, and the sole tenant of my
cottage,
I have endured such tortures, as ask me not to
enumerate.

Thus am I, HAFIZ, arrived at extremity in the
ways of Love,
Which, alas! ask me not to explain.
— (Translated by Hindley.)

ODE

BY night I heard from the minstrel (may his
heart be happy!) —
The heart-inflaming wail of the flute!

So deep an impression it burned in my soul,
That I could look upon nothing without emotion.

I had a companion, a Cupbearer — one who in
the dark
Could display a Sun and Midnight at once, by
his cheek and curls.

When he saw me thus impassioned, he filled the
wine high in the cup;
And I cried to that Cupbearer of auspicious
footstep:

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"Oh, thou freest me from the ills of existence,
"As thou fillest again and again the cup of wine!

"Allah preserve thee from the ills of change!
"Allah reward thee in the mansions of bliss!"

When HAFIZ has lost himself, why should he
value at a barleycorn
The empires of Cyrus or of Cambyses?
— (Translated by E. B. Cowell.)

ODE

SEND the criers round the market, call the roy-
st'rers' band to hear,
Crying "Oh yes! All ye good folk through the
Loved One's realm, give ear!

"Lost, a handmaid! strayed a while since!
Lost, the Vine's wild daughter, lost!
"Raise the hue and cry to seize her! Danger
lurks where she is near.

"Round her head she wears a foam-crown; all
her garb glows ruby-hued;
"Thief of wits is she; detain her, lest ye dare
not sleep for fear.

"Whoso brings me back the tart maid, take
for sweetmeat all my soul!
"Though the deepest hell conceal her, go ye
down, go hale her here!

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"She 's a wastrel, she 's a wanton, shame-abandoned, rosy red,
"If ye find her, send her forthright back to
HAFIZ, Balladier."
— (Translated in the metre of the original by Walter Leaf).

ODE

THE morning dawns, and the cloud has woven a canopy —
The morning draught, my friends, the morning draught!

The dewdrop trickles on the cheek of the tulip—
The wine, my dear companions, the wine!

There blows from the garden a gale of Paradise—
Drink ye, incessantly, the pure wine!

The Rose hath set up her golden throne in the bower —
Reach me the liquor that sparkles like a flaming ruby!

It is strange that at such a season
They shut up the wine-tavern. Oh, hasten!

Have they still shut up the door of the tavern?
Open, oh thou Keeper of the Gates!

If thou desirest the fountain of life, like Sekander,
Seek thou the ruby lips of thy beloved!

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Oh, HAFIZ! despair not — for the bride of fortune
At last withdraws the veil from her countenance!
— (Translated by E. B. Cowell).

ODE

'MID companions dear to wander round the garden ground is best;
Bless the rose-time; then the topers' board with roses wound is best.

Now the west wind, breathing odors, fills the fainting soul with bliss;
Truly, say I, ev'ry perfume from the fragrance-crowned is best.

Lo, the rose all busked for farewell, ere her veil yet scarce is drawn;
Wail, oh bulbul, plead thy heart's need; sure the deep-drawn sound is best.

All the world-mart sells no gladness; at the best if mirth be found,
'T is the vintner's: seek the wine-shop; whatso there is found is best.

'T was the lily's voice that warned me, 't was the sweet-tongued lily-voice,
"In this outworn world of burdened souls the light load bound is best."

On the night-bird's wail a blessing! All along this path of love
Hearts are waking; yea, the wailing voice of wakers round is best.

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Go, my HAFIZ, cut the world off; there's the one sure path to bliss;
Cease to deem their lot that hold sway o'er the world's wide bound is best.
— (Translated in the metre of the original by Walter Leaf).

ODE

THE red rose is in bloom, and the nightingale is intoxicated!
'T is the proclamation of gladness, oh mystical worshippers of wine.

The foundations of our penitence, whose solidity seemed as of stone —
See — a cup of glass — how easily hath it shattered them!

Bring the wine; for in the audience-hall of the Soul's Independence
What is sentinel or sultan? what the wise man or the intoxicated?

Since from this caravanserai with its two gates (*Birth and Death*) departure is inevitable,
What matter whether the arch of life's lodging be high or low?

Only by toil and pain can the post of joy be won;
Yea! they have annexed the condition of evil to the compact of creation!

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For existence or non-existence vex not thy soul! be glad of heart!
For non-existence is the end of every perfection that *is*.

The pomp of Asaf (*Solomon's vizier*) and his steed of the wind, and his flying circle of birds,
All have passed to the wind, and their lord derived no profit.

Rise not on the wing to quit the path; for the winged arrow
Takes the air for a little space, but it sinks to earth at last!

The tongue of thy pen, oh HAFIZ! what thanks shall it utter
That men carry the gift of thy words from hand to hand?

— (Translated by E. B. Cowell).

ODE

WILD of mien, chanting a love-song, cup in hand, locks disarrayed,
Cheek beflushed, wine-overcome, vesture awry, breast displayed,

With a challenge in that eye's glance, with a love-charm on the lip,
Came my love, sat by my bedside in the dim midnight shade:

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O'er my ear bending, my love spake in a sad
voice and low,
"Is it thus, spite of the old years, lover mine,
slumber-bewrayed?"

To the wise comes there a cup, fired of the
night, pressed to the lip,
An he bow not to the Wine-Creed, be he writ
Love's renegade.

Go thy way, saint of the cell, flout not the dreg-
drainer again;
In the first hour of the world's birth was the
high hest on us laid.

Whatsoe'er portion His hand pours in the bowl,
that will we quaff,
Heady ferment of the Soul-world, or the grape-
must unallayed.

Ah, how oft, e'en as with HAFIZ, hath the red
smile of the vine
And the curled ringlet on Love's cheek a re-
pentance unmade!
— (Translated in the metre of the original by
Walter Leaf).

ODE

GLAD news have come that the days of grief
will not last!
Joy did not endure, so neither shall Sorrow
now.

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What though in my loved one's eyes I am but the dust of her path —
Yet neither shall my rival remain in his place of honor!

Count as a gain, oh Taper, the coming of the Moth
For this thine interview will not last till morning.

An angel from the unseen world gave me the joyful tidings,
That none shall remain forever a constant prey to Sorrow.

The Eunuch, who holds the veil, smites all alike with his sword:
None remaineth a fixed inhabitant in the sacred inclosure of this Harem (*the world*).

What place is there for our thanks or complaints at Fortune's pictures of good or ill?
For on the pages of existence the writing will not endure!

They say that this was the song at ancient Jamshid's banquet —
"Bring the cup of wine, for Jamshid will not endure!"

Oh man of riches, bring thou thy poor heart in thy hand,
For treasure of gold and store of money will not endure!

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They have written in letters of gold on yonder
sapphire canopy:
"Save the virtue of the munificent, nothing
else will endure!"

Oh HAFIZ! despair not of thy mistress's love,
For the pictures of fortune's oppression and the
signs of her tyranny will not endure!
—(Translated by E. B. Cowell).

ODE

YES, thy whole shape is delicately proportioned;
every place about thee is exquisite.
My heart is exhilarated with thy sweet and hon-
ied blandishments.

Like the fresh leaf of the Rose, thy nature is
gentleness;
Like the Cypress of the Garden of Paradise thou
art from head to foot charming.

Thy coquettish arts and feigned disdain are
sweet; the down and mole of thy cheek
are agreeable;
Thy eyes and eyebrows are languishingly bril-
liant; thy height and stature are lovely.

The bower of my ideas is filled by thee with
pictures and ornaments;
The odor of my heart becomes fragrant from
thy jasmine-scented locks.

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In the road of Love there is no escape from the torrent of affliction;
But I have made myself happy by thy friendship.

In thy presence I expire; but in that extremity
Anguish becomes sweet to me from the cheek of thy gracefulness.

Though to search for thee in the desert be on all sides dangerous,
The despairing HAFIZ proceeds with cheerfulness to call upon thy name.

— (Translated by Hindley).

ODE

THE lost Joseph shall return to Canaan; do not despair —
One day the cell of affliction shall be a Rose-garden; do not despair —

Oh heart forlorn, thy condition shall mend; act not the craven;
This bewildered head shall yet reach its goal; do not despair.

If the Spring returns once more on the throne of the garden,
Oh bird of the sweet song, thou shalt yet spread the rose's pavilion over thy head; do not despair —

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Oh heart, if the torrent of mortality is sweeping
the foundations of life away,
Noah is the pilot of the bark in the midst of the
deluge; do not despair.

Take heed and never despond; thou knowest
not the secrets of futurity;
There are hidden games behind the veil; do not
despair —

— Our state of separation from the beloved —
the rival pressing his suit —
God knoweth it all, God the bringer of change;
do not despair —

If through desire to reach the Kaaba, thou once
settest foot in the desert,
Should the thorns of the acacia wound thee, do
not despair —

Oh HAFIZ, in the cell of poverty and the seclusion
of the dark night,
While prayer and the Koran are thy constant
employ; do not despair.
— (Translated by E. B. Cowell).

ODE

IF that lovely maid of Shiraz would accept my
heart,
For the black mole on her cheek I would give
Samarkand and Bokhara.

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Boy, bring me the Wine that remains; for in Paradise thou wilt not find
The banks of the fountains of *Rocnabad*, and the rosy bowers of *Mosella*.

Alas! these wanton nymphs, these insidious fair ones, whose beauties raise a tumult in our city,
Have borne away the quiet of my heart as Tartars their repast of plunder.

Yet the charms of our darlings have no need of our imperfect love;
What need has a face naturally lovely for perfumes, paint, moles, or ringlets?

Talk to me of minstrels and of wine; and seek not to disclose the secrets of futurity;
No one, however wise, ever has, or ever will discover this enigma.

I very well know from that daily increasing beauty which Yusuf had,
That a resistless love tore away from Zulaikha the veil of her chastity.

Attend, oh adorable object! to prudent counsels; for youth of a good disposition
Love the advice of the aged better than their own souls.

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Thou hast spoken ill of me, yet I am not offended; May God forgive thee! — Thou hast spoken well;
But do bitter words become a lip like a ruby, shedding nothing but sweetness?

Thou hast composed thy Ghazel, and strung thy pearls; come, sing them sweetly, oh HAFIZ!
For Heaven has sprinkled over thy poetry the clearness and beauty of the Pleiades.
—(Translated by Hindley.)

ODE

NOW that a gale of Paradise breathes from the garden
I, and the joy-giving wine, and my houri-souled mistress, meet.

Why should not the beggar make a boast of royal pomp to-day —
His pavilion the shadow of the cloud, and his festal-hall the bank of the field?

The garden tells the tale of the deception of Paradise —
He is not wise who would buy on credit and fling ready money away!

Build up thy heart with wine, for this ruined world
Is resolved, when we are dead, to make only bricks of our clay!

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Seek not sincerity from thy foe; not a ray will
it give thee,
Lighting the lamp of the hermit's cell from the
fire-worshipper's temple.

Write not on thy tablet reproaches of my
revelry —
Who knows what Destiny has written upon his
head?

Withhold not thou thy foot from the bier of
HAFIZ!
Though he be sunk in sin, his soul rises to
Paradise.

— (Translated by E. B. Cowell).

ODE

THE profit of this workshop of ours is all vanity.
Set wine before me, for the gear of this
world is all vanity.
With heart and soul we desire the companion-
ship of the beloved, and perchance heart
and soul are all vanity.
That which cometh to our bosom without heart-
heaviness is true joy; and since they are
attained but by labor and trouble, the gar-
dens of Paradise are vanity.
Be not grateful to the shade-tree for shade; for
if thou, moving cypress, but gaze upon us
kindly, they are all vanity.

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The five days thou art allowed to linger in this caravanserai, rest in peace, for time itself is but vanity.

Oh cup-bearer, we are waiting on the shore of this ocean of mortality; grasp the cup, for in the distance from mouth to lip, all is vanity!

Waste not a thought on its withering, but be joyous like the rose; for the pomp of the passing world is all vanity.

Oh devout man, feel not safe from the deceptions of pride; for the difference between the cloister and the temple of the infidel is but vanity.

What have not I, sorrow stricken man, endured from evil destiny; but confession and complaint are both alike a vanity.

The name of HAFIZ hath gained a good report; but in the fellowship of those who haunt the tavern good report and evil report are both vanity!

— (Translated by McCarthy).

ODE

OH, from the splendor of thy cheek the tulip-bed of life is gay!

Come back, for without the rose of thy face, the spring of life hath shed its bloom.

It is but right if the tears fall from my eyes like rain;

For in the sorrow of thy absence, life's day hath vanished like lightning!

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No care hath he for the circle of mortality
Who hath fixed the centre of his life on the point of thy mouth!

On every side is an ambush laid by the robber troops of Circumstance;
Hence is it that the horseman of Life urges on his steed with broken rein!

I am alive, but without life; yet deem it not strange;
For who is there that would count the days of absence — *life?*

How long wilt thou indulge in the morning draught, and the sweet morning sleep?
Awake! and take heed lest thy power of choice in life be past.

Seize the one or two moments when Fortune allows her face to be seen;
Seize the time, I say; for the Course of life is hidden.

Yesterday *she* passed, but she cast no glance towards me!
Ah helpless heart of mine, that knew not its life was passing!

Oh HAFIZ! utter thy songs, for on the page of the world
This picture from thy pen shall remain as thy life's memorial.

— (Translated by E. B. Cowell).

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ODE

THE beloved who made my house the home of an angel; who from head to foot was like an angel, free from faults;

That moon who was the joy of my heart, who was graced with beauty, urbanity, fascination, and intelligence;

Of whom my heart said, "I will abide in her city," but knew not, most miserable, that the beloved was a wanderer;

That friend hath a relentless star torn from my arms! What shall I do? The Moon in its course hath caused me this disaster!

Nor hath the veil fallen from the secret of my heart only, for, by the will of Heaven, every veil of enchantment has been rent asunder.

Sweet is the rose, and sweet the green border of the stream; alas, that this pleasure should be so fleet!

Sweet were the moments I spent with my beloved. What time remains to me must be passed ignorantly and unavailingly.

The nightingale slew himself through jealousy, because the rose wooed the wind in the hour of dawn.

Excuse him, oh my heart, for thou art poor, and she was crowned queen of the kingdom of beauty.

Every gift of happiness which God hath bestowed on HAFIZ hath been the reward of the nightly prayer and the morning supplication.

— (Translated by McCarthy).

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ON THE DEATH OF HIS WIFE

My lady, that did change this house of mine
Into a heaven when that she dwelt therein,
From head to foot an angel's grace divine
Enwrapped her; pure she was, spotless of sin;
Fair as the moon her countenance, and wise;
Lords of the kind and tender glance, her eyes
With an abounding loveliness did shine.

Then said my heart: Here will I take my rest!
This city breathes her love in every part.
But to a distant bourne was she addressed,
Alas! he knew it not, alas, poor heart!
The influence of some cold malignant star
Has loosed my hand that held her, lone and far
She journeyeth that lay upon my breast.

Not only did she lift my bosom's veil,
Reveal its inmost secret, but her grace
Drew back the curtain from Heaven's mansions pale,
And gave her there an eternal dwelling-place.
The flower-strewn river-lip, and meadows fair,
The rose herself, but fleeting treasures were,
Regret and Winter follow in their trail.

Dear were the days that perished with my friend—
Ah, what is left of life, now she is dead
All wisdomless and profitless I spend!

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The nightingale his own life's blood doth shed,
When, to the kisses of the wind, the morn
Unveils the rose's splendor — with his torn
And jealous breast he dyes her petals red.

Yet pardon her, oh Heart, for poor wert thou,
A humble dervish on the dusty way;
Crowned with the crown of empire was her brow,
And in the realms of beauty she bore sway.
But all the joy that HAFIZ' hand might hold,
Lay in the beads that morn and eve he told,
Worn with God's praise; and see! he holds it now.
— (Translated by Gertrude Lowthian Bell).

ODE

I PROCLAIM it aloud, and am glad at the utterance;
I am the slave of Love, and free from the two worlds!

How shall I explain my absence — a bird of the heavenly rose-bush —
How I fell into this region of the snares of Circumstance?

I was an angel once, and the highest heaven my dwelling-place;
Adam brought me hither, to this ruined tavern!

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The shadow of the heavenly tree, the charms of the houris, and the bank of the Lake—
All have gone from my memory, at the breath of the breeze from thy street!

No astrologer knoweth the star of my fortune!
Oh heaven — for what fate was I born of my mother, the World?

. . . . .

— (Translated by E. B. Cowell).

ODE

AT the hour of the wanderer's evening prayer, when I begin weeping,
I finish my story with a wanderer's lamentations.

I weep so forlorn of my beloved and my country,
That the custom of travelling I would fain abolish from the world!

I come from the country of the beloved, not from the city of the stranger:
Oh God the Protector! restore me safe to my friends!

The air of the dwelling place of my beloved is the water of life to me;
Oh breeze of the North, bring me one breath from the land of Shiraz!

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Except the morning breeze, none else knoweth me here —
Only the morning breeze is the friend of my bosom!

Why should Reason remind me that I am old?
For love hath made me young again, playing with my beloved.

A tear came to me and reproached me face to face;
Of whom should I complain? The informer is one of the household!

I have heard the harp of the planet Venus, and it said in the early morning,
"I am the disciple of HAFIZ, the sweet-voiced."
— (Translated by E. B. Cowell).

ODE

OH wind, whence hast thou the perfume of my beloved? Thou hast stolen it from her breath!
Beware how thou committest a theft upon her! What to thee are her waving tresses?

Oh rose, of what account art thou in the sight of her lovely face? Sweet as the musk is she, and thou hast a thorn.
Sweet-basil, where art thou in competition with the down of her cheek? She is all freshness, and thou art defiled with dust.

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What art thou, narcissus, in the light of her laughing eyes?
Hers are only joyous, but thine are intoxicated.

Oh cypress, what art thou next to her slender figure?
How canst thou be any longer esteemed in the garden?

Oh Wisdom, what is there to choose between thee and the sincerity of her love?
One day, oh HAFIZ, thou wilt attain to the delight of fulfilment, if thou fade not away, meanwhile, in the weariness of waiting.
— (Translated by McCarthy).

ODE

I SAW the field of the azure sky and the sickle of the new Moon;
And I remembered my own field, and my season of harvest.

I said: "Oh my fortune, thou hast been sleeping, and the Sun hath risen!"
It answered: "For all this, despond not over the past!"

Rest not thy trust on yonder night-patrolling star; for that cunning thief
Hath stolen Cyrus' crown and the girdle of Cambyses!

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If thou goest pure and alone like Messiah in the sky,
From thy splendor a hundred beams will fall upon the Sun.

Oh Heaven, boast not of thy pomp, for in the world of Love
The harvest of the Moon is worth but one barleycorn, and the sheaf of the Pleiades but two!

Though the ear be loaded with ear-rings of gold and jewels,
The season of beauty is passing — hearken to counsel!

May the evil eye be far from thy Mole, which, on the chess-board of Beauty,
Has moved a pawn, which has won the game from the Sun and the Moon!

The flame of asceticism and hypocrisy will burn its own harvest;
Oh HAFIZ! away with these old woollen rags (*a dervish's robe*) and depart!
— (Translated by E. B. Cowell).

ODE

LES belles au parfum de jasmin secouent toute poussière de chagrin de notre âme
Quand elles nous admettent dans leur société;

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Les belles au visage de Péri nous enlèvent la paix et le repos
Quand il leur plait de nous résister ;

Quand elles se dérobent elles enchantent les cœurs ;
Quand elles dénouent et secouent leurs boucles ambrées elles agitent nos âmes.

Si dans notre société elles s'ennuient, et se lèvent pour partir,
Elles plantent dans nos cœurs la branche du désir, et s'en vont.

Quand elles rient, elles font couler de mes yeux des larmes étincelantes comme des rubis ;
Et lorsqu'elles voient cela, elles lisent sur mon visage tous les secrets de mon cœur.

Les hommes retirés du monde, quand ils entendent parler des larmes des amoureux,
Ne détournent pas le visage, mais consolent et plaignent ces hommes de l'aube.

Ceux qui croient trouver un remède facile à l'amour se trompent :
Ni la réflexion, ni les efforts de l'intelligence ne peuvent le guérir.

Ceux-là, seulement, arrivent au bout de leurs desirs, dans ce chemin,
Qui, comme le Mansour, sont sur la croix et ne craignent ni la prison ni le gibet.

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Lorsque les âmes pieuses portent leurs prières
au pied de son trône,
Dieu, pour les éprouver, diffère d'y répondre.

Au pied du trône de la Beauté, lorsque HAFIZ,
invité, s'empresse,
On le fait mourir dans les angoisses et les tourments.
— (Translated by Blanche Butterworth Haggin).

ODE

LAST night I went to the door of the wine-tavern
heavy with sleep,
My dervish garments soiled, and my prayer
carpet stained with wine.

The boy of the tavern, when he saw me, raised
a cry:
"Awake," he said, "awake! oh wanderer heavy
with slumber!

"How long wilt thou love the sweet lips of the
maidens,
"And stain the jewel of thy soul with the melted
ruby?

"Wash thyself free from thy stains and *then*
enter the tavern:
"Lest this ruined mansion be but stained by thy
presence!

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"Pass in purity the stage of old age, and stain not
"The robe-of-honor of grey hairs with the flaunting robes of youth.

"Thy companions in the journey of love have been drowned in its deep sea —
"Drowned deep in its waves, but the water hath not stained their garments.

"Make thyself clean and pure, and come forth from the well of thy nature;
"For water mixed with clay (*thy body*) will never give thee purity!"

I said: "Oh thou soul of the world, the book of the rose is not reproached,
"Even though in the Spring-season its leaves be stained with pure wine!"

He answered: "Oh HAFIZ! boast not thy clever sayings to thy friends;
"Alas for that graceful wit of thine, when it follows forbidden ways!"

— (Translated by E. B. Cowell).

ODE

ZUR Rose sprach das Veilchen gestern
Und gab ein holdes Zeichen ihr:

"Den Glanz, den man an mir bewundert,
"Gab eines Jemand's Locke mir."

Mein Herz war ein Geheimnisskästchen,
Allein das Schicksal schloss gewandt

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Den Deckel zu und gab den Schlüssel
In eines Herzensräuber's Hand.

Ich schleppte mich zu deinem Thore
Wie nur ein krüppelhafter Mann;

Gab doch der Arzt als Heilungsmittel
Die Mumie[1] deiner Huld mir an.

Den Wachtern sagt' Er, als vorüber
An mir Ihn führt des Weges Lauf:

"Weh, mein ermordeter Geliebter,
" Welch' einer Seele gab er auf!"

Ein frohes Herz, ein kräft'ger Körper,
Und guter Laune fehle nie

Demjenigen, der einem Schwachen
Die Hände gab und Beistand lieh!

Geh' hin, und heile dich erst selber,
Du, der so gut zu rathen weiss!

Wen gaben Wein und süsse Liebchen
Nur irgend einem Schaden Preis?

Hafisens Herz gleicht einem Schatze;
Geheimnissperlen füllen ihn;

Er gab davon durch deine Liebe
Schon eine Weltensumme hin.
— (Translated by Rosenzweig).

[1] A stone with magic medicinal power.

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ODE

HEUS illi tenero dic, Zephyre, hinnulo
Amenti similis quod miser illius
Cæco captus amore
Erro in montibus aviis.

Dulcis venditor heu! pusio sacchari,
Quem servent superi, cur manet immemor?
Nec vel pauca diserto.
Dat bellaria Psittaco?

O quæ puniceo flore nites, rosa!
Estne hæc forma tuæ causa superbiæ?
Flagrantis Philomelæ
Quod nil sollicitet te amor.

Incautas volucres retibus et plagis
Venamur; sed enim pulchra animi indoles,
Virtutesque sagaces
Captivare valent viros.

Si quando eximio cinctus amantium
Cœtu, pura libes pocula nectaris,
Esto tunc et amici
Tantillum memor exulis.

Ignoro tereti corpore suavium
Et nigris oculis dulce tuentium,
Cur tam impervia amori
Sint præcordia virginum?

Expertem vitii confiteor tuam
Augustam speciem, sed cuperem magis
Formosi decus oris
Demptâ mente volubili.

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Quid mirum! empyreis si tua sedibus
O HAPHYZ recitent carmina, sique ea,
Lætam aggressa choream
Psallens subsiliat Venus?
—(Translated by Baron Reviski).

ΕΙΔΥΛΛΙΟΝ.

Ἐγκίρνα, φίλε παῖ, γλυκὺν οἶνον ἀφειδέως,
Ἦλυθεν γὰρ ἔαρ πολυδαίδαλον, ἦλυθεν.
Ἐν ῥόδοις κατακεῖσ' ὅσα δὲ χθὲς ὑπέσχεο
Σάμερον Ζεφύροις μαλακαίποσι δὸς φέρειν.
Ἄμμες δὲ στεφάνοις θαλεροῖς πεπυκάσμενοι
Αβρὰ μειδίοωντες, ἑταῖρε, χορεύσομεν,
Ὡς δ' ἀηδόνες ἐζόμεναι ἐπί δενδρέω
Κλισμῷ ἐν ῥοδίνῳ κατακεισόμεσθ' ἀδέως.
Εἰς κᾶπον, φίλε κοῦρε, βάδιζε βαθύσκιον,
Παιδα δ' ἐυρυθάμιγγα μελιφρόνος ἀμπέλου
Χρυσέαις ἐν φιάλαισιν αμυστί συνέκπιε,
Τέρψις γαρ Γλυκύτης τε ῥοδόχροος ἔρχεται.
Ὁρᾶς, ὡς ῥόδεον πέταλον Ζεφύρῳ γελᾷ.
Αὔριον καὶ ταχ' ἰσάκις οὐκ ἀπολάμψεται.
Νῦν δὲ νεκταρέας βοτρύων ῥανίδας πίε,
Κεῖσο δ' ἐν ῥοδέοις λιπαρόχροος ἀνθέσι,
Κούρην και ῥαδινοῖς μελέεσσι πεδέρχεο.
Ἐγὼν μὰν ὑπ' ἔρωτι ῥόδων ἀπαλοχρόων
Δαχθεὶς τάκομαι, ὡς λιγύφωνος ἀηδόνις,
Χρῆν σ' ἄρ, ὦ φίλον ἦτορ, ὑπερφιλέειν κὸνιν
Βήσσων, ἔνθα ῥόδων μελέτωρ ἐπινίσσεται.

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COUPLETS AND FRAGMENTS

—'T is a deep charm that wakes the lover's flame.
Not ruby lip, nor verdant down its name.
— Beauty is not the eye, lock, cheek, and mole;
A thousand subtle points the heart control.

— Harm no one; otherwise do all thou wilt;
My statutes recognize no other guilt.

— In Love's astronomy what wonders rise!
Its Seventh of Heavens in the Seventh Climate lies!

— Take matters upon thyself lightly;
For it is the way of the world to lay burdens on him who is ready to do hard work.

— The picture of thy face is with me in all my ways: the perfume of thy hair is wrapped around my living soul.

If my hand fails to reach thy long tresses, it is the fault of my short arm and my unhappy destiny.

— My soul is amazed at the brazen-faced preachers, who practise so little of all they preach in the pulpit!

Surely those talkers who are so haughty and insincere in the work of their judge have no belief in a day of judgment!

— Were God to chastise every one for his offences, the earth would be full of lamentations, and time full of wailings!

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In the sight of the Lord mountains are as grass; at one time he pardoneth a mountain, and at another He condemneth a grass-blade.

Thy sins are as immense as the surface of the earth; dost thou not know that it is thy iniquity which eclipseth the Moon in the sky?

—We will speak no evil, neither incline towards injustice: we will blacken no man's countenance, nor stain our own raiment.

We will not harp much or little on the shortcomings of rich or poor; it is wise that we commit no manner of evil deed.

—We will journey through the world peaceably in the sight of all wayfarers, nor waste a thought on black steed or gold saddle.

We will not write a line of lies on the Book of Wisdom: we will not mix with the mysteries of Truth the pages of magic.

—Whosoever has thought with love of the down on thy cheeks shall not step out of thy circle for his life.

On the day of resurrection, when I shall lift up my head from the dust of the grave, the scar of my madness after thee shall be in the very core of my heart.

May the long shelter of thy curling locks be on my head, because in this shelter is the only rest of my heart, which is mad in love.

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— In the dawn the bird of the garden spoke to the rose:
"Be not so disdainful, for in this garden many like unto thee have blossomed."
The rose smiled and replied: "We do not weep at the truth,
"Yet no lover would speak (*so*) harshly to the loved one."

— The garden of Paradise is beautiful; but take heed that thou account as gain the shade of the willow and the borders of the wheat-field.

— He who gave to thy cheek the bloom of the rose and the hue of the wild rose can also give to me, the unhappy one, — patience and repose.

— The world is a fair bride as respects her beauty, but he who has betrothed her hath pledged his life for her dowry.

— Untie the knots of thy heart, and think not too much of Destiny; for the science of no geometer has ever untied that knot!

— Whenas thou findest whom thou lovest
Bid farewell to the world and its cares.

— Say to her, Why do you deliberately forget my name?
The time will come of itself when my name shall not be remembered.

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TWO RUBAIYAT (translated by Rosenzweig).

ICH schlafe heute Nacht in Blut, aus Gram um dich,
Fern von dem weichen Pfühl des Heiles schlafe ich;
Doch schicke — glaub'st du's nicht — dein Traumbild zu mir,
Und *wie* ich ohne dich geschlafen, sag' es dir.

Du sprachst: "Dein will ich werden, Steh' d'rum in Sorgen nicht,
"Und freue dich; nur mache Dir die Geduld zur Pflicht."
— Geduld und Herz, was sind sie? Das, was du nennst ein Herz,
Ist nur Ein Tropfen Blutes, Und tausendfacher Schmerz,

— I have estimated the influence of Reason upon Love, and found that it is like that of a raindrop upon the ocean, which makes one little mark upon the water's face, and then disappears.

— Hafiz! Complaint of grief of separation, why makest thou?
In separation, is union; in darkness, light!

— Hafiz! in this matter Turki and Tazi (*Arabs*) are all alike,
Love's tale relate in every language that thou knowest!

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— It were best for me not to set desire on that sweet lip,
But, after Sugar, what kind of fly ——— goeth not?

— Thou spakest, saying: Thine I am, have no ——— care,
Thy heart joyous make, to patience give over thy ——— care.
— Patience, where? The heart, what? That which a heart thou callest
Is: a drop of blood, and many a ——— care.

— Wailing and weeping have consumed me sorrowful;
The need of confession and of explanation — all this is naught.

— Patience and Victory are both old friends;
After patience the time of victory will come!

— Oh chaste beloved! who looseneth the fastening of the veil of thee?
Oh lovely bird of Paradise! grain and water, who giveth thee?

Sleep abandoned my eyes in this heart-consuming thought,
Whose bosom is the dwelling and sleeping place of thee?

— To Hafiz, the difficult and the easy in the Path are one:
For, to the bird, the declivity and the acclivity — the difference is — what?

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— On every side is the ambuscade of vicissitudes:
Impetuously — saying: God forbid that I should be subject to vicissitude — runneth the horseman of Life.

— The hall and the college and the argument of Knowledge; the arch and the corridor;
What profit are they, when the heart of the Sage and the eye of the See-er ——— are empty?

— What need of the description of love's desire,
When the explanation of the heart's fire
Shows in the burning of the words of speech?

— Between the lover and the Beloved, veil is none:
Hafiz! thou thyself art thy own veil. From the midst, arise; and attain unto the Beloved.

— Allah, who to thy cheek the hue of the rose and of the wild rose gave,
To me, miserable, patience and ease can give!

— Oh heart! from the revolving of the sky's inverted bowl expect not
That without reproach and a hundred vexations even the smallest result should come!

— Happy came the rose; and more happy than that, aught is not.

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— From the bounty of the rose, the nightingale learned speech; for, if not, there had not been
In his throat all this sweet speech and singing.

— Love, and poverty, and youth and the new Spring — all this — is
My excuse. Accept it, and in mercy, the crime conceal.

One tress of hair — in my hand; and the other — with my Friend:
Gazing long on that tress — contentions draw me in different ways.

— For the lover, there is no escape; he is consumed and yet content;
I am like the candle; the fire of love has no terrors for me.

— That one am I who, without thee, breathe — What shame!
Perchance thou may'st pardon. If not — the excuse for such sin is — what?

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SELECTIONS FROM THE POEMS OF JAMI

(A.D. 1411—1492)

— I can understand how the beauty of Yusuf, which added fresh lustre to the day, drew forth Zulaikha from behind the veil of her modesty. — HAFIZ.

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SALÁMÁN AND ABSÁL

Preliminary Invocation

OH Thou, whose Spirit through this universe
In which Thou dost involve thyself diffused,
Shall so perchance irradiate human clay
That men, suddenly dazzled, lose themselves
In ecstasy before a mortal shrine
Whose light is but a Shade of the Divine;
. . . . I would be
Thy Lover, and thine only — I, mine eyes.
Seal'd in the light of Thee to all but Thee,
Yea, in the revelation of Thyself
Lost to Myself, and all that Self is not
Within the Double world that is but One.
Thou lurkest under all the forms of Thought,
Under the forms of all created things;
Look where I may, still nothing I discern
But Thee throughout this Universe, wherein
Thyself Thou dost reflect, and through those eyes
Of him whom Man thou madest, scrutinize.
. . . . .
Do Thou my separate and derivéd Self
Make one with thy Essential! Leave me room
On that Divan which leaves no room for twain;
Lest, like the simple Arab in the tale,
I grow perplext, oh God! 'twixt *Me* and *Thee*;
If I — this spirit that inspires me, whence?
If Thou — then what this sensual Impotence?
— (Translated by Fitzgerald).

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THE PERPLEXT ARAB

FROM the solitary Desert
Up to Baghdad came a simple
  Arab; there amid the rout
Grew bewildered of the countless
People, hither, thither, running,
Coming, going, meeting, parting,
Clamor, clatter, and confusion,
  All about him and about.
Travel-wearied, hubbub-dizzy,
  Would the simple Arab fain
Get to sleep—"But then, on waking,
"How," quoth he, "amid so many
  "Waking know Myself again?"
So, to make the matter certain,
Strung a gourd about his ankle,
And, into a corner creeping,
Baghdad and Himself and People
  Soon were blotted from his brain.
But one that heard him and divin'd
His purpose, slyly crept behind;
From the Sleeper's ankle slipping,
Round his own the pumpkin tied,
And laid him down to sleep beside.
By and by the Arab waking
  Looks directly for his Signal—
  Sees it on another's ankle—
Cries aloud, "Oh Good-for-nothing
"Rascal to perplex me so!
"That by you *I* am bewildered,
"Whether I be I or no!

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"If I — the pumpkin why on you?
"If you — then Where am I, and who?"
— Episodic story from *Salámán and Absál*. (translated by Fitzgerald).

MAJNUN AND LAILA

ONE who travel'd in the Desert
Saw *Majnun* where he was sitting
All alone like a Magician
Tracing Letters in the Sand.
"Oh distracted Lover! writing
"What the Sword-wind of the Desert
"Undeciphers, so that no one
"After you shall understand."
Majnun answer'd — "I am writing
"Only for myself, and only
"'*Laila*' — If forever '*Laila*'
"Writing, in that Word a Volume,
"Over which forever poring,
"From her very Name I sip
"In Fancy, till I drink, her Lip."
— Episodic story from *Salaman and Absal* (translated by Fitzgerald).

KING SOLOMON AND THE QUEEN OF SHEBA

ONCE upon the Throne together
Telling one another Secrets
Sate *Sulâyman* and *Balkis*.

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The Hearts of both were turned to Truth,
Unsullied by Deception.
First the King of Faith *Sulayman*
Spoke — "However just and wise
"Reported, none of all the many
"Suitors to my palace thronging
"But afar I scrutinize;
"And He who comes not empty-handed
"Grows to Honor in mine Eyes."
After this, *Balkis* a Secret
From her hidden bosom utter'd
Saying — "Never night or morning
"Comely Youth before me passes
"Whom I look not after, longing."

If this, as wise Firdusi says, the curse
Of better women, what then of the worse?

— Episodic story from *Salaman and Absal* (translated by Fitzgerald).

ZULAIKHA'S FIRST DREAM OF YUSUF

A NIGHT it was, sweet as the morning of life,
Joy-augmenting like the days of youth!

Zulaikha, of the sugar-lips, was enjoying the sweet slumber
Which had fallen on her soft narcissus-like eyes;
Her head pressed the pillow with its hyacinthine locks,
And her body the couch with its roseate burden.

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The hyacinthine locks were parted on the pillow,
And painted the roseate cheeks with silken streaks;
The image-seeing eye was closed in slumber,
But another eye was open — that of the soul.

With that she saw suddenly enter a young man—
Young man, do I say? — rather a spirit!
A blessed figure from the realms of light,
Beauteous as a Houri borne off from the Garden of the Seventh Heaven!

His stature was that of the fresh box-tree;
The free-cypress in its freedom was a slave compared with him;
His hair from above hung down like a chain,
And fettered, hand and foot, even the judgment of the wise.

From his brow shot so resplendent a flash of light,
That Sun and Moon bent to the ground before him;
His eyebrows, that might have been a high altar for the saintly,
Were an amber-scented canopy over the sleeper's eyes.

His face was as the Moon's from its station in Paradise;
From his eyelashes darted arrows to pierce the heart;

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The pearly teeth within the ruby lips
Were lightning flashing from a roseate evening sky.

When this vision rose before the eye of Zulaikha,
At one glance happened that which needs must happen.
She beheld excellence beyond human limits,
Seen not in Peri, never heard of in Houri.

From the beauty of the image and the charm of its perfection,
She became his captive, not with her one, but with a hundred hearts.
Fancy made his form the ideal of her mind,
And planted in her soul the young shoot of love.

— On the morrow, when the raven of Night had taken its upward flight,
And the cock was crowing his morning carol,
And the nightingales had ceased their soul-moving chant,
And had withdrawn from the rosebush the veil of the rosebud,

And the violet was washing its fragrant locks,
And the jessamine was wiping the night-dew from its face,
Zulaikha still lay sunk in sweet slumber,
Her heart-look still fixed on her last night's altar.

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Sleep it was not — rather a delightful bewilderment,
A kind of insanity from her nocturnal passion!

Then she lifteth the veil from her dewy tulip-cheeks,
And shaketh the sleep from her love-languishing eyes;
She looketh round on every side, but seeth not a sign
Of the roseate image of her last night's dream!

— Extracts from *Yusuf and Zulaikha* (translated by Robinson).

LOVE

A HEART which is void of the pains of love is no heart;
A body without heart-woes is nothing but clay and water.
Turn thy face away from the world to the pangs of love;
For the world of love is a world of sweetness.

Let there not be in the world an unloving heart!
Let not the pangs of love be less in the bosom of any one!
Heaven itself is confused with longings after love;
Earth is filled with tumult at the clamors of its passion.

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Become the captive of love in order to become free;
Lay its sorrows to thy heart, that thou mayst know its gladness.
The wine of love will inebriate and warm thee,
Will free thee from coldness and devotion to self.

In the memories of love, the lover renews his freshness;
In his devotion to it he creates for himself a lofty fame.
If Majnun had never drunk the wine from this cup,
Who would have spread his name throughout both worlds?

Thousands of the wise and learned have passed away,
Passed away — forgotten, because strangers to love;
No name, no trace, remains of their existence;
No history of them is left on the records of Time.

In the world thou mayst be skilled in a hundred arts —
Love is the only one which will free thee from thyself.
Turn not thy face from love: Even if it be shallow,
It is thy apprenticeship for learning the true one.

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No, thou must not stay lingering over the image;
But quickly transport thyself over this bridge;
If thou desirest ever to reach the inn,
Thou must not remain standing at the bridge-head.

Praise be to God! that so long as I have dwelt in this monastery,
I have been a nimble traveller in the road of love!
In youth or in age there is nothing like love;
The enchantment of love breathes upon me forever!

— Extracts from *Yusuf and Zulaikha* (translated by Robinson).

BEAUTY

In that solitude in which Being is without a mark,
The Universe still lay hidden in the treasure-house of non-existence;
Whilst its substance had not yet taken on the form of Duality,
And was far from speech and talk; from *We* and *Ye* —

Beauty was free from the shackles of form,
And by its own light alone was it visible to itself;
It was a lovely bride behind the veil of her nuptial chamber,
Her vesture unsullied by suspicion of a speck.

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There was no mirror to reflect back its countenance,
Nor had ever comb passed a hand through its ringlets;
No breeze had ever ruffled a lock of its tresses;
Its eye had never been touched by a grain of *surma* dust;

No nightingale had yet nestled under the shade of his rose;
No rose had yet put on her adornment of verdure;
Its cheek was not yet embellished by mole or down,
And no eye had yet beheld it even in imagination.

Its voice of endearment was with itself alone,
And with itself was played its game of affection.

But wherever the power of Beauty exists,
Beauty is angered to be hidden by a veil.
A lovely face will not endure concealment,
Bar but the door, it will escape by the window!

Behold the tulip on the mountain-top,
How smilingly it comes forth in the vernal season.
It shoots out of the earth through every cleft of the rock,
And forces itself into notice by its own loveliness!

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When a feeling of Beauty once falls upon the sight,
And strangely threads itself on the tie of sensation,
It can never again pass away from the fancy;
It insists henceforth on being heard or spoken of.

Wherever is the Beautiful, this is its law,
Imposed by the action of the Eternal Beauty.

From its brightness a beam fell upon the Rose,
And from the Rose came its melody into the soul of the nightingale;
From its light a spark set on fire the Sun;
And straightway the Nile-lily raised its head from the water.

Yes! Beauty unveils its countenance in the private chamber,
Even when hid behind the veil from earthly lovers;
Of every veil thou seest, it is the veil-holder,
'T is its decree that carries every heart into bondage,

Only in its love has the heart its life;
Only in its love has the soul its felicity.
The heart of every one who is enamored with the Lovely,
Is inspired by its love, whether he know it or not.

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Beware that thou fall into no error concerning Beauty!
Love we must, when it shows forth its charms;
For as each thing is fair, so it is worthy of love;
It is the stem whence comes the object.

Thou art the mirror, it brings thee the image;
Thou art hid by a veil, it shows itself openly:
When thou lookest on Beauty, it is the mirror also,
For it is not only the treasure, but the treasure-house too.

Be silent! for this is a tale that has no ending;
Its language is one that has no interpreter.
Better for us that our business be love,
For without its converse we are nothing — nothing!
— Extracts from *Yusuf and Zulaikha* (translated by Robinson).

SONNET

WHEREVER I fix my habitation, I find thee my inmate —
I can never move anywhere that I do not find thee there.
Do I sleep at night, or wander lonely in my dwelling, I behold thee in my dreams, or see thee in my abode.

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In the company of the convivial, or in the assembly of the worldly-minded, I see only thee, my beloved, and find thee, the consoler of my heart.

In whatever assembly the taper is lighted, circling round it I am sure to find thy moth.

If I visit the tavern without a goblet, I am sure to find thine in the hands of the guests.

Should I throw off my religious habit and dive into the sea, I should find thee, the precious pearl, concealed in every shell.

Jami is lost to everything around him, for in public and private he beholds nothing but thee.

—(Translated by Jon. Scott).

FOUR MAXIMS

THE intellect of a woman is imperfect, and her knowledge too,
Never place full confidence in her;
If she be bad, confide not in her;
And if she is good, trust her not.

Be not puffed up by riches, like fools,
Because wealth passes like a cloud;
Although a cloud may shower jewels
A wise man puts no trust therein.

Oh boy! a secret necessary to be concealed from a foe
Thou wilt do well not to reveal it even to a friend!

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I have seen many who in the course of capricious time
Became foes from friends, and amity to enmity turned.

Cultivate the knowledge which is indispensable to you,
And seek not that which you can dispense with!
From the moment you acquire the indispensable knowledge
You must not desire to act except in accordance therewith.
— The *Bebaristan* (Kama Shastra Society — R. F. Burton).

FOUR ARROWS SHOT FROM ONE BOW

No one repented for keeping a secret under seal,
But many for having revealed it.
Remain silent; because to sit quietly with a collected mind
Is better than speaking what will distract it.

What thou scatterest is difficult to conceal again;
Tell it not easily to thy companions,
Because what thou keepest may be said, if need be,
But what thou hast said cannot be recalled.

Each secret kept under seal in thy mind
Is not hastily to be written on the tablet of explanation;

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I fear the mulct thou wilt have to pay for divulging it
Will be more heavy than thy sorrow for concealing it.

A Sage has on a retained and divulged secret
Uttered the following excellent simile —
The one is like an arrow yet in the hand;
The other like an arrow which has left the bow.

—The *Beharistan* (Kama Shastra Society — R. F. Burton).

ADMONITORY VERSES BY RUDAKI

TIME gave me advice about its turns;
If thou lookest at time, it is all advice.
It said: Grieve not much for the good days of others;
There are many who are longing for thy days.

—The *Beharistan* (Kama Shastra Society — R. F. Burton).

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SELECTIONS FROM THE POEMS OF JALAL UDDIN RUMI

(XIII CENTURY)

—They — the Sufis — profess eager desire, but with no carnal affection, and circulate the cup, but no material goblet; since all things are spiritual, all is mystery within mystery.

RUMI.

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THE LOVERS

A BELOVED one said to her lover — "Oh, dear youth, thou hast seen in thy travels many a city. Tell me, then, which of them appeared to thee most pleasant?"

He replied — "That which contained her who robbed me of my heart."

Wherever the sovereign of my soul spreads her carpet of repose, that place, though it were the eye of a needle, would seem boundless as the desert.

Wherever there is a maiden beautiful as *Joseph* and radiant as the Moon, that place, though the bottom of a well, would be an Eden.

With thee, a prison would be a rose-garden, oh thou ravisher of hearts! With thee hell would be Paradise, oh thou cheerer of souls!

— From the *Mesnavi* (translated by Robinson).

THE MERCHANT AND THE PARROT

THERE was a merchant who possessed a parrot, a beautiful parrot, which he kept in a cage.

The merchant was preparing to make a journey, which he intended to begin with Hindustan;

And the kind-hearted man called before him every man-servant and every maid-servant, and said — "What present shall I bring for thee? Tell me frankly."

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Each one of them answered according to his desire; and to every one the good man promised what he asked.

Then he said to the parrot—"And what present from the regions of Hindustan wilt *thou* have?"

And the parrot answered—"When thou seest the parrots there, tell them my condition,

"Say: a certain parrot is yearning to see you, but is shut out by a cage from the free light of heaven;

"He sends you his benediction, and asks you to do him justice and begs you to save his life, and to show him the paths of safety.

"Is it right that I should consume my soul in vain longings, and that I should die here in loneliness?

"Is it proper that I should be bound in hard shackles, whilst you dwell in green places upon the trees?

"Is this the kind of faith to keep with a friend? I, in a cage; and you, in a garden?

"Call to mind, ye fortunate ones, that verdant lawn, and our morning draught in the midst of the meadows!

"The remembrance of a friend should be a happy one to friends, as was that of Laila and Majnun!

"My comrades, my precious idols, I am drinking cups of my own blood; drink ye to my remembrance one cup of wine, if ye desire to do me justice."

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— The merchant received the salutation and the message he was to carry to those of his race;

And when he reached the boundaries of Hindustan he saw in the desert a large company of parrots.

Then he stayed his horse, and lifted up his voice, and delivered the salutation and the message entrusted to him.

And immediately one of the parrots fluttered excessively, and fell down, and gave up its breath, and died.

Then the merchant repented him of what he had said and done, and exclaimed — "Did I come to bring death to a living creature?

"Perhaps this parrot was a relative of my parrot; perhaps they were two in body and one in soul.

"Why did I do this thing? Why did I deliver this message? My heart is on fire, and for this unlucky event I see no remedy.

"The tongue is like flint and the lip is like iron, and that which is struck in ignorance from the tongue is as flame.

"Do not, foolish man, whether in easy good nature, or in idle boasting, strike flint and steel together!

"For it is dark, and there is much cotton round about; and in the midst of cotton wherefore scatter sparks?

"A single word may desolate a world; it can convert dead foxes into lions."

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— When the merchant had finished his business he returned once more to his happy home.
For every man-servant he brought a present, and to every maiden he gave a token.
Then said the parrot — "And what present hast thou brought to the captive? Say! what hast thou seen, and what hast thou said? Recount it to me."
He replied — "Woe is me! that of which I much repent; that for which I could gnaw my hands and bite off my fingers.
"Wherefore did I foolishly carry that unlucky message, which I carried ignorantly?"
He answered — "Oh merchant! repentance is of small value! What is it that excites this passion and sorrow?"
He replied — "I delivered thy complaint to a company of parrots, thy fellows.
"One of these parrots took such a share in thy affliction that its heart broke, and it fluttered, and died."
When the parrot heard what that other parrot had done, he too fluttered, and fell, and died.
When he saw him fall in such wise, the merchant started up and dashed his cap upon the ground;
And when he saw his color and condition, he leaped up, and tore the breast of his garment, and exclaimed:
"Oh my parrot, my beautiful, my dear one, what is this that has befallen thee? Wherefore art thou thus?

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"Alas and alas! my bird of the melodious voice, who didst breathe the same breath, and knewest my every secret,

"Alas and alas! bird of the sweet notes, and tones of the harp; pleasant to me as my garden, and sweet as my sweet-basil!"

Then the merchant cast out the dead bird from its cage; and immediately he flew up to a high branch of a tree.

He was amazed at the action of the bird, and was seized with longing to understand this strange mystery;

And turning his face upward, he said — "Oh my sweet one, to me sweet as a nightingale, give me, I pray thee, some explanation of that which thou hast done!"

He replied — "The message that thou broughtest me gave me counsel. It said — 'Free thyself from speech and voice,

"'Since it was thy voice which brought thee into bondage'; and it died itself to confirm the message."

The parrot then gave him admonitions and bestowed upon him the parting benediction.

The merchant said to him — "Depart in peace! thou hast shown me now a new path."

"Farewell, merchant!" he replied, "thou hast done me a mercy; thy benevolence has freed me from the chain and from the net.

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"Farewell, merchant! *I was away from my home.*
Mayst thou, by God's grace, become *free like me.*"
— From the *Mesnavi* (translated by Robinson.)

— There came one and knocked at the door of the Beloved: and a voice answered and said, "Who is there?" The lover replied, "It is I." "Go hence," said the voice, "there is no room within for thee and me." Then came the lover a second time and knocked; and again the voice demanded, "Who is there?" He answered, "It is thyself." "Enter," said the voice, "for I am within."

FINIS

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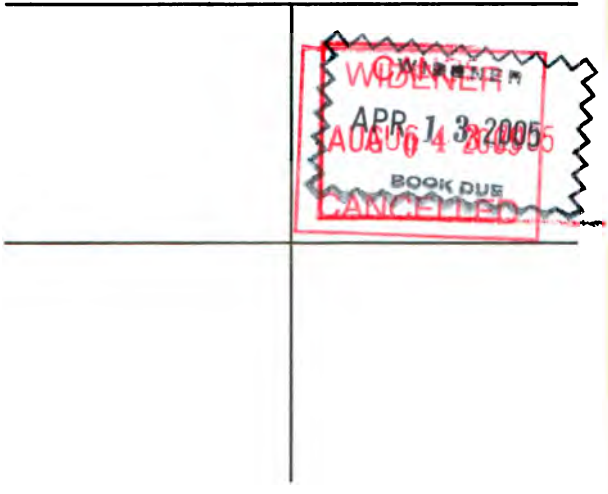

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